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LOVE ME TO-NIGHT.

BY PAULINE PILKINGTON VILER.

SWEET, what has the world in store for us?
To-day all things look bright,
But over a cloud of dread hangs nigh,
And the thought of a coming blight;
In fear of what the years may bring,
Love me, love me to-night!

If famine gaunt reigned in the land,
And the awful sun shone bright,
If after drouth of the burning months,
Dank dews shed death at night,
And I should die and you should faint,
And your life lose all delight;

If ruthless death should sever us
With his hand so cold, so white,
And they laid one far from the other's rest,
'Neath the cypress alms and slight,
'Twere vain to pray for one's return,
Love me, love me to-night!

And if—Oh! direst pain of all!—
O'er love there came a deathly blight,
At longings of the other's heart,
One's love lost all its wild delight;
Oh child, ere that bleak time may be,
Love me, love me to-night!

Oh sweet, clasp close, this e'en may be
Foreboding of some coming blight
That makes my heart grow chill with dread,
And your lips grow wild and white,
In fear of evils that may come,
Love me, love me to-night!

Jasper Onslow's Wife.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONQUEST," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

RALPH RUTHERFORD.

Poverty sits here,
Craving a foot of your fair palace steps,
For lack of better resting-place.
—*Sheridan Knowles.*

The two women looked at one another, wild fear in Muriel's eyes, and hatred and contempt in those of Doris Carlyon.

Not a word did the latter vouchsafe, but beckoning to Jabez Colliver, she pointed to the heap of yellow lace in Muriel's lap.

"Is that my lace?" she asked.

"It is, madam."

"I would prefer its being mended by a respectable person, if you please. I am not in the habit of employing abandoned women."

"Madam!"

"Be quiet, my dear," said Jabez Colliver, for Muriel had started up with an indignant exclamation at the cutting words, delivered in Doris Carlyon's most cutting manner. "This lady is a little mistaken, that is all. I am not in the habit either of employing such women as you speak of, madam," he went on, addressing his customer. "This young lady, or 'person,' as I suppose you would say, is the wife of my assistant. Go home, my dear," he added to Muriel, "and tell your husband to be good enough to finish that estimate about the brasses for Deepdale church."

He had guessed the truth from her face, and wanted to spare her further insult.

"Excuse me a moment," he said to Doris Carlyon, who bowed haughtily, and put up her eyeglass to stare at Muriel as she passed to the door.

The maid who accompanied her—a new one since Muriel left the Grange—followed the example of her mistress, and stared insolently at "the creature," as she dubbed the lace-mender, whom her mistress had called "abandoned."

"That's the woman, isn't it?" Jabez said, in a low tone, as they reached the door.

"Yes."

"Ah, I thought so. She's a sweet creature."

"What shall I do, Mr. Colliver? If Jasper should see her—"

"He would behave like a sensible man, I hope, my dear. But go home, and keep him there if you can. I won't have you insulted in my presence."

"You are very kind to me, Mr. Colliver. I will thank you presently; but the sight of her has made me sick. I feel as though some dreadful misfortune would come to me through her."

"Keep out of her way, that is all. She sha'n't find out anything through me."

He went back into the shop, and Muriel ran home, her heart wildly beating with terror lest Jasper should have gone out and be on his way to the shop; but no such terrible thing had happened. Her husband was fast asleep on the sofa with the baby in his arms.

Thankfully she removed the child, which was beginning to stir, without awaking, and then sat down by his side to recover her calmness.

"Oh, if heaven's law did not forbid murder," she thought, passionately, "it would be sweet to kill her."

A burst of hot tears came to her relief, and seemed to wash away the evil thoughts of jealousy and revenge which had taken hold of her. Jasper slept on, and the pretty child in her arms cooed, and put up its little hands to stroke her face, and she was soothed.

"I am a fool," she said to herself. "My husband is mine. The glamor of that wretched time passed away with the fever. Even if they were to meet, I have nothing to fear."

"Muriel, I thought you were at the shop."

Jasper woke and spoke in some surprise at seeing his wife there, and the reflected radiance of the setting sun shining upon her pretty face.

"Why, I must have been asleep a long time."

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

"You would have waked long before, dear, if I had not taken baby," she replied. "He was just preparing for a good scream when I came in."

"But what brought you in? I thought you were a fixture there for ever so long."

"So did I; but some customers came in—West-end people—and I—I came away."

"Mysterious little woman! What for? Did you know them?"

"No, but— Oh, Jasper, do you love me? Are you quite sure you care for me, and only me, now?"

"My dear Muriel, you are surely hysterical," he said, kneeling down by her side. "What is the matter? Of course, I love you, child."

"With undivided love, Jasper? Look me in the face and tell me."

He did look at her, steadily, and with no wavering in his eyes, and pressed her to his breast.

"I don't know what prompts the question now," he said; "but I do love you faithfully and truly with my whole heart. Who is it that says Heaven 'creates the love to reward the love?' Heaven and you have done it for me, dear girl, never doubt it."

"Would you love me if you saw her again—that woman?"

"What makes you speak of her? Have you seen her?"

"They mentioned her name—those people—that was all."

"And you were frightened, silly little wife—fearful for your husband's honor and your own happiness. Have no fear, my Muriel. Doris Carlyon in her most seductive mood could not make my heart beat one shade faster. The cure has been sharp but complete. Trust me, and believe me true, wife. I love none but you."

"Jasper, when I heard her name just now, I felt as though I could kill her."

"Muriel!"

"I did. I thought of the time when she pampered you to madness with her wiles, won you on to love her, and then froze you with a look—sent you to your death, had not friends found you out and rescued you."

"And you the best of all, my darling," he said, little dreaming she had stood face to face with the woman she was talking about, and borne from her the bitterest insult one woman can bear from another. "It would indeed have been death but for you, my Muriel; but Doris Carlyon did not know of it."

"And would not have cared, if she had."

"I think she would. Don't speak of her like that, Muriel. I loved her once."

"She was not worthy of an honest man's love—a wanton!"

"Stay, dear; don't belie her. Vain, frivolous, heartless, if you will, Doris Carlyon, might be, but not that. I believe she was pure."

"Do you? Rest in your belief if you will. I think men only see the surface; we women have farther seeing eyes. If it were not that Doris Carlyon's path and ours lie as far apart as the poles, I should fear you still, Jasper."

"Don't be unjust, little woman. I spoke the simple truth when I told you I was cured. I would rather look into our baby's bright eyes and on to your golden hair, than on the glitter of all her starry jewels. Try and trust your husband, child, and believe that the world holds naught for him like the treasures of this little room."

And Muriel smiled, and declared her fears dispelled, and he himself believed what he said, and thought his heart was safe; but for all that, it was just as well that he had not seen his employer's customer.

Doris Carlyon looked contemptuously at Muriel as she walked out of the shop. She was very plainly attired, in a close-fitting black dress with a white apron, which she had put on for the lace to rest upon. Her hair was growing very fast, and fell in bright curls over her shoulders, giving her a singularly youthful and spirituelle look. Altogether she was a much more lovable-looking woman than the Muriel Chisholm of Kingcolm Grange, who had been at once her companion and her slave.

"I am afraid it is you who are mistaken, Mr. Colliver," she said, as the old man spread the lace open for her inspection. "Unfortunately, I know that person's character only too well, and as I said before, I should prefer to have any work for me done by a deserving woman."

"I believe my lace-mender to come under that category," was the quiet reply. "She is, as I said, the wife of my assistant."

"Has she sunk so low as that? Poor, lost girl!"

"I hardly call it sinking, to marry any honest man," Jabez Colliver returned, in the same quiet manner, "looking her through," as Doris Carlyon declared afterwards, "and I know her to be such. Will you kindly look over the lace, and tell me how much of it you will take? You will have to put up with the mender, though, unless you will take it as it is and get it repaired yourself."

"No, indeed. I could not wear it in rags—and I'm not inclined to take any trouble about it. I suppose that creature will have to do it. I'm sure I'm thankful to hear she is married, if she really is. You must pardon my being so rude as to doubt it; but of course you do not know her antecedents. How should you?"

"Do you?"

"No one better."

"Indeed!"

"She was my companion—little better than my maid even. I took her in some sort out of charity."

"Indeed!"

Doris Carlyon's bitter spite did not let her see the keen, cold look in the old man's eyes, and she answered eagerly, with a bitter sneer—

"Yes; and she ran away from my house with an artist I had employed to paint my portrait, and who made such a horrible failure of it—having no talent, I presume—that I was really obliged to leave London to avoid being the laughing stock of the town."

"Perhaps your beauty blinded him, Miss Carlyon. Perhaps basking in the sunshine of your smiles took the sight from his brain, the nerve from his wrist. Such things have been before now. The story of Circe has its parallels in this nineteenth century of ours."

"Ah, you have heard the tale, I see," she said, with a hard, mirthless laugh; "but pray don't fancy me a Circe, Mr. Colliver. I did no such serpent-like mischief. The man was mad; there could not be a doubt of that. But that's not to the purpose. This woman that you think such a pattern of prudery went and lived openly with him in his London lodgings."

"Dear, dear, how we may be deceived," Jabez Colliver said, with a smile. "But she is useful to me, Miss Carlyon, and I don't think I shall allow any one to prejudice me against her."

"Oh, I'm sure I don't want to," was the careless reply. "I'm glad she's found some one to marry her, even a hanger-on in a shop. What is his name, Mr. Colliver?"

"I don't think it would interest you if you heard it, madam. The man who dusts my brasses and polishes up my carvings can be nothing in your eyes."

"Besides, my assistant is a broken-down gentleman, who wishes his whereabouts not known."

"So it is not Jasper Onslow, I care not who it is."

Doris Carlyon spoke the words half to herself, but Jabez Colliver replied to them.

"You do not know what has become of him then, Miss Carlyon?"

"No."

"Perhaps he is dead."

"I think not. I fancy I should have heard of it. I think he is hiding somewhere. I would help him if I knew where to find him. I could not while I knew that woman was with him."

She gave a few more orders about her lace and went away, leaving Jabez Colliver looking after her in mournful amazement.

"A beautiful fiend," he muttered; "fair without but black within—a creature permitted by heaven for the punishment of some one's sins on earth. That poor, feeble-minded fellow yonder has had his full share. I'm thankful no contretemps brought about a meeting between them."

"Miss Carlyon, ho, ho, ho! Doris Carlyon! It's as good as a play!"

The words came from close to the door, and looking out, he saw a man with a little child of four or five years old in his arms sitting on the step. He was ragged and footsore, his boots were broken with long travel, and there was a weary, famished look about him that spoke more eloquently than words could have done of his destitute condition.

"Hullo, friend, you make yourself at home!" Jabez said.

"Don't grudge me your doorstep," the man replied, in a voice far more refined than his looks; "it is not luxurious accommodation."

"You're welcome, if you're tired."

"That I am."

He stretched out his worn feet as he spoke, and showed the state of his boots.

"And the child?"

"He's nearly starved."

"If I bring you food, will you go away quietly when you have eaten it? I dislike tramps and beggars about my doors."

"I am neither; and there was a time, Jabez Colliver, when you would not have turned me from your door. But I was better clad in those days, you see."

"Who are you that know my name?"

"Poverty brings oblivion, else you would know me, I think."

He lifted the battered cap that covered his head, and showed a scar on his forehead over which the hair refused to grow. Jabez looked at him for a moment, and exclaimed—

"Gracious powers! Ralph Rutherford!"

"The same."

"Come back after all these years. Where have you been?"

"Very nearly in the next world."

"And what has brought you to this pass?"

"The devil—in other words, a woman. But give me something to eat, old friend. I haven't tasted food for six-and-thirty hours, and I'm well nigh spent."

CHAPTER XIV.

A FANCY BALL IN PROSPECT.

He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will.
—*Sir Samuel Tuke.*

Doris Carlyon was going to give a fancy ball. She was a richer woman now than even her father's death had made her. A legacy from a distant relative whom she had never seen, but who had willed his [illegible] made her perhaps the richest unmarried lady in London that year, and she was flinging her money about right royally.

A house in the best part of the West-end, a villa in the Isle of Wight, Kingcolm Grange, and another noble mansion, her newest inheritance, were her property, and all splendidly kept up.

It was her whim to go from one to another by fits and starts, just as her fancy prompted, and always with a goodly train of admirers following in her train.

Another artist had succeeded to poor Jasper Onslow, and her picture had been painted and hung in the place from which her grandmother had been deposed in the long drawing-room at Kingcolm Grange.

It was a weird-looking picture. There was the soft, creamy-looking satin, and the crimson sash and flowers, as in the sketch that Jasper Onslow had prepared; but there was something of pain in the expression of the face, as though from a sudden wound; and the pre-Raphaelite tendencies of the artist had made the crimson look like blood splashes. At a little distance, and particularly in the evening light, it was easy to imagine that Doris Carlyon had been stabbed, and was standing there in the one tottering moment before she fell.

"It's an awful picture, Doris," Ernest Dormer said to her the first time he saw it, after his return from abroad. "Ghastly and morbid in his tone. The man has neither delicacy of touch nor pleasant imagination. Have it taken away."

"No, indeed. I paid a little fortune for it, and I liked Mr. Haynes very much. He made himself very agreeable while he was here, and behaved like a man of sense."

"Meaning, that he took your soft words and looks for what they were worth, and allowed you to pay him in money for whatever insult you chose to put upon him."

"What coarse ideas you have, Ernest. I only meant that he behaved like a sensible man, and not—"

"Like poor Onslow. By the way, Doris, have you ever heard any more of him? I went to the place where he lived, and the house was shut up. No one seemed to know anything about him."

There was perfect politeness between the cousins. Ernest Dormer had the entrée to Kingcolm and all the rest of Miss Carlyon's houses, just as he had before he went abroad, and people congratulated him on being the next in succession to a young lady whom the fashionable world had begun to set down as sworn to celibacy for some secret reason of her own.

She had lovers in plenty. She might have been a duchess had she chosen to accept the "strawberry leaves;" she might have doubled her wealth by marrying the richest commoner in England; but she would have none of them.

"She had plenty of money," she declared; "and she loved her liberty too well to give it up."

And so she dismissed suitor after suitor, till the world ceased wondering from sheer weariness.

Mrs. Bellew was very glad. Doris was a very troublesome young lady to chaperon, and would take no advice; but a husband ruling in her household would be a more troublesome person still, and would have interfered sadly with the nice pickings which daily fell to the old lady's share.

Ernest Dormer was often questioned about his cousin's proceedings, and urged to press the suit of one and another, but he always declined to meddle in Doris's concerns. She trusted him, and would talk confidentially to him; but he never spoke to her of love, or allowed any man to do so if he could prevent it.

To no one else had she ever mentioned the name of Jasper Onslow, and she would have avoided it now if he had not broached the subject.

"I'm sure I don't know anything about him," she said, fretfully. "I went to the place where he lodged, too, and the woman was quite insolent to me. Auntie said something about wanting to find that vile girl who was living with him—"

"Doris!"

"Well, she was—you know that; and the woman fired up, and said she had no such people in her house—that she had only respectable married people, and all that. I suppose she had found out all about their goings on, and turned them out."

"Is that all you know?"

"All about him. I have seen her!"

"Seen her! Seen Miss Chisholm! Where did you see her?"

"At Limehouse."

"Limehouse?"

"Yes. She has sunk down into a sort of shopwoman to an old man there who sells all sorts of odds and ends. I was recommended to him to get me some lace for my dress for the ball, and I took a fancy to find out the place and go there. Muriel Chisholm was sitting in the shop, minding it."

"Are you sure?"

"Sure! I could not well mistake her. She has had her hair cut off, and was dressed like a nun, in a black dress. She looked thoroughly ashamed of herself, I can tell you."

"How came she there?"

"I did not ask. The old man said she was married to his assistant—the man who cleans the shop, and that sort of thing. I hope she may be, I'm sure; but I don't believe it."

"I should like to see her, poor girl."

"I don't want to see or hear any more of her, I'm sure," said Doris, contemptuously; "but it's [illegible] man's an insolent brute."

"But why go to him at all. There's old lace to be got at other places, I suppose."

"Well, I went for a freak. I saw some of the lace by accident, and was told it was the property of this old Jew, or whatever he is. It is just the thing I want, so I am going to take all he has."

"I will go to-morrow," Ernest Dormer said. "I should like to find out what is really Miss Chisholm's position now. I was very much interested in her."

"Oh, go by all means. I can't say the subject interests me much. Come and look at the sketch of my dress, and tell me how you think it will look. I want this ball to be a grand success, Ernest."

"To what end, fair cousin?"

"To the end of pleasing myself, that is all—to the end of seeing my friends pleased," she added, with a sigh. "Do you grudge me so much of happiness?"

"I grudge you none. 'Tis yourself will not let yourself be happy, Doris."

"What would you have me do?" she asked, looking straight into his face with her keen, searching, dark eyes."

"The right, Doris."

"And that is—"

She glanced nervously around as she spoke, as if fearful that they might be overheard.

"The walls have not ears," he said, smiling. "We are quite alone. Would you like me to tell you what I think would make your life happier?"

"Yes, go on."

"I would have you be your better self. I would have you forget and forgive. Hold out your hand in amity to—"

"Stop, Ernest Dormer," she said, in a hard, set tone. "I know what you would say. I know your ultimatum; you shall hear mine. Rather than do what you call the right in this instance, I would fling every farthing I possess into the broad sea. I would gather my costliest possessions into one vast pyre, and burn myself to death on the top of it, before I would see one penny of it pass into the hands of a branded felon and murderer."

"Hush! hush! not so bad as that."

"Worse, if worse can be—a traitor blacker than Judas, a false friend, a cowardly assassin, a fiend with the mark of Cain upon his brow."

"But there are others. He is not the only one—"

"Don't speak of it," she said, savagely. "I get beside myself when I think of it. Don't begin the subject with me again, Ernest Dormer, or I might be tempted to kill you! Why did I put myself in your power by telling you my miserable secret?"

"It was hardly a secret. I suspected it before."

"How?"

"A sailor friend of mine, who lived at Tampico some months—you know Tampico, I think?"

"Yes."

"Was perfectly acquainted with a peasant girl—one Teresa."

"Stop! That will do. Where is this man?"

"My dear cousin, at the other side of the world, for aught I know. He merely mentioned the fact to me, that was all."

"He had seen me?"

"Only once—standing in a jeweller's shop; but he was sure he was not mistaken."

"He was. Tell him so. Make him understand that. See you do, Ernest; all will be well, then. I know how strong the resemblance was; but it was Teresa he saw, remember that."

"I will, if ever I see him. Your secret

is safe with me, Doris, though the keeping of it makes things uncomfortable for me sometimes."

"Ah, of course," she replied, with a smile. "Makes you a mark for husband-hunting women, and that sort of thing. Bear it a little longer for me. I have more than that to bear."

She sighed as she spoke, and there was a weary look in her dark eyes that told of some hidden sorrow. She had a heavy burden to bear, this petted child of fortune, and she had to bear it with a smiling face and a calm exterior.

As she spoke, the door at the end of the room opened, showing the long vista of the drawing room, with the strange-looking picture in a strong light at the end of it.

Doris shuddered, and an icy chill seemed to creep over her heart.

"It is a ghastly picture," she said. "I might look like that if I were stricken down. Will the end be murder, I wonder? If he were alive and free, I should fear it. As it is, I am safe—safe, in spite of all such omens as that broad red stain."

"My dear, you are very pale," said Mrs. Bellew, who entered at that moment. "Are you too tired to come and see the patterns for the hangings of the ball-room?"

"Not a bit, auntie. Ernest and I were only talking, something gravely, perhaps, about business."

"Nothing going wrong, dear, I hope?"

"Oh, no. Where are these patterns?"

"In your morning room. The young man is waiting down-stairs for orders."

The ball was to be the most splendid thing that had ever been seen in Warwickshire, and the ball-room was to be turned into a copy of the reception-room at Whitehall in the days of Charles I.

Doris was going to appear as Henrietta Maria, though her beauty was of a far more regal order than that of the "small, dark, foreign-looking woman," as some historian, perhaps more truthful than polite, has described the hapless queen.

Ernest Dormer had promised to array himself in the costume which history and pictures have made us familiar with as the dress of the martyr king.

The sketches of dresses which her various friends had sent her made Doris sure that the ball would be the most brilliant affair of the season, and she was sparing no expense to fit up the Grange in accordance with the costly dresses of her guests. The company were to come in masks if they chose—in proper person if they liked it better—and a very merry night was expected by all.

But Doris Carlyon had better have shut her doors and denied her guests—better have reduced the Grange and all in it to a smoking heap of ashes—than have received the guest under its roof that fate and her evil genius were sending her.

CHAPTER XV.

AN UNBIDDEN GUEST.

Then from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to arise,
As when the northern skies
Gleam in December.
—*Longfellow.*

Ernest Dormer was as good as his word. He had business which took him to London the next day, and he resolved to go to Limehouse and find out how much of Doris Carlyon's story was true. His interest in Muriel Chisholm was great. He was not in love with her—never had been; but he looked upon her as a splendid woman, physically and intellectually; and he admired rather than rebuked the heroism [illegible] cared for the man she loved. That she had gone further in her wrong-doing he would not believe; but that she was married, and so far beneath her as his cousin's words seemed to imply, was an enigma he could not solve.

He was master of his property now. The estate he had gone to the West Indies to see after had become his own through the death of his father, and he was an idle man as far as any actual business was concerned. He had sought for Jasper Onslow, but no one could tell him of the artist's whereabouts. Mrs. Henderson was gone from Villiers street, and she had kept her own counsel while there, and none of the neighbors knew anything about the young couple who had owed so much to a chance suggestion from her. All that he was to learn of Muriel he must learn from herself, if even indeed Doris was not mistaken altogether in her identity.

"You Quixotic creature," Doris said, when she gave him Jabez Colliver's address. "Take care you don't get murdered in that queer old hole, that is all. I would not have gone there for worlds if I had known what sort of a place it was—a regular murderous-looking haunt."

Ernest Dormer laughed and went his way, and certainly found nothing very murderous-looking in the aspect of Limehouse when he stepped ashore from the boat, and inquired of the first amphibious-looking person he met, the way to Marling Manor.

Just a year had passed since Jasper Onslow had accepted the old broker's offer—just a year he had been the assistant to Jabez Colliver in that quaint old place; and he was what he had never been before in his life, content.

The autumn sun was shining down the queer little street at the end of which the old manor stood. The window was open, and the odd things which hung about it, with their bright bits of coloring and scraps of metallic lustre, made a picturesque picture of the old wall, surmounted by its peaked roof.

No sign of any one was to be seen, and he passed in through the open door to find himself in the odd apartment which served as shop and living room to the owner of the place.

It was an odd scene. Heterogeneous piles of articles, old and new, ancient and modern, were here, there, and everywhere; valuable bits of china and articles of vertu were disposed on shelves about the walls, and some specimens of rare and ancient jewelry and ivory work were securely locked in glass cases, and filled the shelves of a carved cabinet, which would have delighted a lover of antique furniture.

A handsome, dark-eyed child, in a makeshift sort of costume, was playing about on the floor, and a baby's wicker cradle, with a chubby infant asleep in it, stood in a shaded corner, out of all draught, or likelihood of being touched by chance.

Muriel sat in a low chair, with a heap of lace in her lap, so diligently working that she had not heard him come in.

He looked at her for a moment in pleased surprise. There was something so pleasant in her look—the golden hair falling about her shoulders in curls, the softened expression of her face, her plain dress, all combined to make a very pretty picture. She was a very different person from the rather defiant-looking Muriel Chisholm he had met at Kingcolm Grange, and he stood for a moment regarding her before he made his presence known. After a pause he spoke—

"Miss Chisholm," he said, gently.

And she started up with a crimson face at the sound of the old familiar name.

For a brief moment she looked at him dubiously; a large beard, grown during his West Indian trip, had altered him considerably, and her thoughts had been far away.

Here recognition flashed into her face, and she held out her hands.

"Mr. Dormer!" she exclaimed. "How glad I am to see you. How did you find us out?"

"I got your address from Miss Carlyon."

"From her?"

"Yes."

Muriel's face fell.

"She insulted me very bitterly a few days since," she said. "I was in hopes I should have heard no more of her."

"She told me she had seen you."

"I thought it did not matter so she did not see my husband," Muriel said, sadly. "But I see, she has sent you to him, to lure him back to her side; but she shall not—she shall not. He is happy and contented now, and I will guard his happiness with my life if need be."

Ernest Dormer looked at her with a puzzled face.

"Is she a little mad, I wonder?" he said to himself. "What does she mean? I don't think Miss Carlyon knows anything about your husband," he said, gently. "She imagines he is a shopman here, or something of that sort. What I sought you for, madam," he said, hesitating what to call her, "was to assure myself that you were well and happy—and to ask you if you could tell me of the whereabouts of Jasper Onslow. I have been to Villiers street, but I could get no information there."

Muriel laughed now, a happy, musical little laugh.

"Before I tell you," she said, "will you promise me one thing?"

"Anything possible to grant," he replied.

"What is it?"

"That you will never tell her, your cousin, where to find him—that you will never betray to her in any way that you know where he is."

"I promise most willingly," he said, gravely. "No good can ever come of their meeting. Rely upon it, if I can prevent her crossing his path I will."

"Then I'll trust you," she said. "You have seen the shopman's wife; now I'll introduce you to the shopman."

She slipped back the little secret door behind the curtain as she spoke, and called "Jasper;" and to Ernest Dormer's inexpressible amazement the artist stepped out into the light.

He had a small enamel picture and a piece of soft leather in his hand, and was somewhat dusty with his work; but he had grown stouter and fresher looking, and had lost the wan, haggard appearance which had been so evident during the last days of his stay at Kingcolm.

"Here is an old friend, dear," Muriel said, as Ernest stretched out his hands, and the two men greeted each other heartily.

"I needn't ask how you are, Onslow; you are ten times the man you were long ago."

"Thanks to Heaven and my wife," he replied, earnestly, "I am; but how did you find us out?"

"I heard accidentally that Miss Chisholm—I beg her pardon, Mrs. Onslow—was here, and I came to ask tidings of you from her."

"You won't betray my whereabouts, will you, old friend?"

"No; I have just promised Mrs. Onslow to be secret."

"You will tell no one?"

"Not a soul, I swear it!"

He knew full well that Jasper meant Doris Carlyon, though neither mentioned her name, and the promise was given with a solemnity which was both felt and understood by all there.

"You must come and see our home," Jasper said. "It is a queer little nook; but we are very happy, eh, Muriel?"

Muriel replied only by a look, but it was enough. Her humble home, her baby, and Jasper's love, made earth a heaven to her, and she wanted no more.

Ernest was duly introduced to the young tyrant in the cradle, who was called "Jasper Ernest," and to Jabez Colliver, who took his fancy mightily, as a quaint, old-fashioned gentleman; and then he was taken to see the lodging by the river that Jasper and Muriel occupied.

Jasper explained to him, in answer to his offers of assistance, that they should prefer remaining where they were to trying to get anything else to do. They owed all their present comfort and prosperity to Jabez Colliver, and he liked the employment, which was nothing of the kind which Doris Carlyon had so spitefully hinted at.

"It is a real pleasure to touch up some of the splendid things that come across us," he said. "No one knows me here, and the old man is a thorough gentleman. I have not lost all hope of painting a picture worthy of the exhibition yet. My power is coming back to me; but until I can I will keep out of sight. Come and see us when you can be spared from the world, but keep our secret if any one should ask for our whereabouts."

"My Cousin Doris is possessed with a devil, I verily believe," Ernest Dormer said to himself. "A shopman, indeed! Well, it sha'n't be through me she will find him out, if ever she does."

To Doris herself he spoke very carelessly about Muriel Chisholm's husband.

"Yes; I found the place," he said, "and saw the old fellow and all that. It's not a very nice locality for a lady to penetrate. I wouldn't go there again if I were you."

"I sha'n't. I had quite enough of it when I was there before. Did you see her?"

"Yes."

"And is she married?"

"So she says."

"And to the shopman?"

"I suppose that is what you would call him."

"Did you see him? What is he like?"

"Well, he looked rather dusty, and appeared to be cleaning something. He seemed very proud and fond of his wife and child. They have a fine little baby. I'd let Muriel alone if I were you, Doris. She seems perfectly contented."

"I don't want to interfere with her. Did you find out anything about—"

"Jasper Onslow? Not much. No one seems to know anything but the bare fact that he has left Villiers street."

"I'm sorry. I would have helped him if he would have taken help from me," Doris replied; but she was so full of her preparations for the ball that she was not very much interested in Muriel and her belongings.

The lace came home, beautifully mended and cleaned, and the effect of it on the rich ruby velvet she had chosen to wear was superb.

The night of the ball came, and the avenue and grounds at Kingcolm were brilliantly illuminated. The public were at liberty to enter the brilliantly-lighted avenue through which the carriages passed to the grand entrance. A force of the Warwick police kept the gate which barred intruders from the lawn and terraces in front of the house, and prevented the people from pressing forward too far. But it was a good-humored crowd, for Doris Carlyon was popular to a degree among her tenantry, and behaved with almost regal hospitality when she opened her doors at all. So on this night there were huge barrels of beer at each lodge gate, presided over by her gamekeepers and their assistants, and piles of bread and cheese, that none who came to see might go hungry away.

She received her guests in the large ball-room, with Ernest Dormer and Mrs. Bellew by her side, and people whispered to one another that it was sure to be a match between the cousins.

The scene was at its height, and the ball-room a long vista of kings and queens, peasants and pages, whirling in a pretty waltz, when a servant came up to his mistress.

"You are wanted, madam," he said.

"Who wants me?"

"A gentleman. One who has come to the ball."

"His name?"

The man handed her a card.

"I think it is a joke, madam," he said. "The gentleman hesitated when I asked him, and then wrote that. He has sent you the name of the character he has come in."

Doris took the card and read, written in a hand she did not know—

"Oliver Cromwell."

"An ominous name to send to Henrietta Maria," she said. "Of course, it is a jest, Peters. Go and tell the Lord Protector that the Queen will attend him in a few minutes. By the way, where is he?"

"In your morning room, ma'am. He said he would not detain you from your guests a moment, but he wanted a private word with you before he entered the ball-room."

"Tell him I will come directly."

She did not pause an instant to think whether the summons were other than a jest. She knew no one could present themselves at the ball without a card signed by herself, and she had signed none except for people she knew thoroughly.

Ernest Dormer had had the privilege of inviting a few of his particular friends; but she knew she could trust him, and she went to her anonymous guest without a fear.

The morning room was lit, and adorned in the same style as the rest of the house, and looked exceedingly pretty.

In the centre of the room, with the light of a crimson lamp falling full upon him, stood a tall man, of commanding presence, in the garb made familiar to us by the portraits of Oliver Cromwell.

He wore a breastplate and gorget of fine Milanese workmanship, and a helmet and gauntlets of the same completed his costume. He was masked, as it was allowable for the guests to be; but as his hostess entered, he removed helmet and mask, and turned his face full upon her.

Doris Carlyon looked at him for a moment, and then, stretching out her arms with a faint cry, she sank insensible at his feet.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 37.)

George Lovelace's Temptation.

CHAPTER I.

In a dingy street in the purlieus of Covent Garden there stood, about five years ago, a small house only accessible by a dark passage, into which one night of day scarcely ever penetrated, and which at night received a small portion only of the meagre rays thrown by a struggling gas-lamp placed at its entrance. This house, at the time I mention, was occupied by an old lady who let lodgings at low rates to needy lodgers. One of her rooms had lately been tenanted by a man of about six-and-twenty, the regularity of whose features showed, in spite of the havoc played by poverty and distress, that he was of a class higher than his present circumstances seemed to warrant.

The room which he had, was small and low; a pinched window in one corner let in whatever light was not obscured by the chimney-pots around, and whatever fresh air was not polluted by the smoke which issued in dense clouds from their tops. In another corner was a small fire-place scarcely able to give heat even to the little room which it was intended to warm. The side of the room opposite to it and next to the window was filled by a low bedstead on which was no pillow—nothing but a mattress, a blanket and a torn sheet. Two wooden chairs and a coarse table added to the furniture of the room, which was completed by a sort of half-wardrobe, half-cupboard, in which were a few women's garments and some writing materials of the cheapest description.

Here, at the time of which I speak, were seated George Lovelace and his wife. His was an old story, one which occurs many times in the world, but happily not always with the distressing and over-harsh circumstances which surrounded his life. His father was the owner of a considerable property in Athertonshire, whose temper had been ruined by the intemperate habits of a profligate youth, and whose judgment not unfrequently showed signs of a taint of insanity, which had been stronger in earlier generations of his family. He had made a hasty marriage when of middle age; and, judging others by himself, had, when the first burst of passionate attachment was over, first neglected his wife, and then chosen to suspect her honor. His one son, George, was born after he had been married three years, and when this suspicions fit was at its height; but though never inclined to be fond of his son, he had, during his youth, shown no signs of any great aversion to him, and had treated him not unkindly, especially after his mother's death. He had, however, thought that when he had paid for a private tutor first, and sent his son to a public school afterward, he had done his duty as regards education, and took no further trouble about it except to express a grim satisfaction whenever he heard that George had been flogged.

George, therefore, as may be imagined, grew up without developing any extraordinary disposition for acquiring knowledge, and on leaving school at eighteen was a fair specimen of the least favorable productions of the great English seminaries. He could read and write, of course; and he knew that Charles I. had been beheaded, and that Wellington had won a great battle with the French at Waterloo. He believed that Milton wrote a poem about Paradise, and was convinced that Shakspeare was the finest poet in the world. But of any language save his own he could not read a line; and if you asked him what happened in 32 or '48, he would perhaps have told you what won the Derby, but beyond that his information and his interest would not have reached. He had not turned his thoughts much on the subject of religion; he considered Parson Prohser's sermons a bore, but had no knowledge as to what were the doctrines which that orthodox divine so successfully combated. At the same time George was honest. He had often been flogged, but never for anything dishonorable or immoral; and when he left school, and spent the allowance which his father gave him in the society of his equals in London, his life was not sullied by any of the yieldings to the temptations of vice which so often triumph over youths of the age at which he was then.

He was not much in the society of his father, and when he was there were little signs of affection shown by either. Sir George, in addition to the peevishness to which I have alluded, was a cold man, combining in a curious way determined doggedness with occasional outbursts of furious passion, which made him an awkward man to be dependent upon. He was a man also of hobbies, and woe to the unhappy wight who crossed him when he bestrode one. One of his hobbies was the English aristocracy, and he was anxious that his son should marry the daughter of a neighboring earl, for whose family he had the greatest respect, and whose political opinions were as conservative as his own. This young lady was twelve years younger than George Lovelace; but old Sir George was in no hurry that his son should marry—there was plenty of time, he thought.

"Meanwhile, George can be brought by my teaching to fall in with my views; and as he is a good-looking fellow, and her father is not averse, the girl will probably be compliant."

L'homme propose. Affairs might have gone on as Sir George wished, and this story never been written, had not the younger Lovelace, in a fishing ramble in Breconshire, met with the pretty daughter of a Welsh doctor. George was like his father, subject to sudden impulses, and also, like him, apt to be resolute in his determinations. One of his impulses was to marry this girl; not at first, or in a hurry, because he was not sure of her affection; but after the acquaintance of nearly three years, and when the sudden death of her father had left her dependent on the charity of an aunt whom she disliked, and the offer of a man whom she had grown to love seemed an easy way out of all her troubles.

Ethel Lovelace was very fair, and George had trusted to her extreme beauty to win from his father his approval of a marriage of which he had said nothing till it was over.

George had expected some opposition, and he knew he should have difficulties with his parent; but he did not anticipate the torrent of indignation and abuse which was showered on his head. Sir George flew into such a passion, that the servants had to come to his son's assistance, and with difficulty prevented him from laying hands on George, and inflicting personal violence.

"Out of my sight!" he said, and he called him a hard name. "I never thought you were my son, and now I'll own you so no more. Take the jade, who has made a fool of you, away; and let her know that not one penny shall you or she touch while I live, or when I am dead. No, not if you lie rotting in a poor-house."

And from that day Sir George had refused to see or hear from his son.

Then had begun a "sair" time for the two poor fools who were ill able to battle with the world. And since then often and often had George cursed the idleness which had prevented him from making the most of the teaching which he had had, and left him utterly unable to turn his hand to anything that could get him bread. He had applied to his friends, but they had not done anything for him. You see, Sir George had been beforehand with him, and had let it be known that he had cast off his son in consequence of disgraceful conduct and atrocious behavior generally. So the world, ever ready to take up the cry, "Væ victis," and not stopping to inquire whom it was that George had married, had turned, only too willingly, the cold shoulder on one who had not once wanted for its favors. Ethel too had been refused the help which she had asked from her aunt, who used the old argument so often used to palliate neglect, "You have made your bed, and you must lie on it."

Then in many ways had George sought for employment—as a tutor, as a clerk, as a writer in the lower class of daily publications, as a shopman even, and as a messenger. Everything had failed to secure him permanent work. He was too old for one place, he was refused another as having no testimonials, his father's malice got him turned out of a third, the ruin of his employer had lost him a fourth. And week by week, month by month, as each day found him ignorant how he should find food for the next, he plodded on, getting more and more despairing, seeing Ethel's face getting wanner and more wan, and knowing that she was becoming less and less able to bear the trial which was coming upon her. Yet she had borne it, and her babe was an additional link which bound her heart to her husband's, and gave them courage to face the troubles which came so thickly across their path. And now they were struggling on, she too weak to do much besides nurse her infant, and he hardly able to make the wretched pittance which he earned buy food enough to keep him from hunger after he had given to his wife and child. Yet they loved each other, and though to each not unfrequently came the thought that the other's happiness in this world had been ruined by their marriage, the perfect trust which each had in the other's affection made them together more willing to share unflinchingly the difficulties which lay before them.

At the time of which I tell you George had come in tired and dispirited; for he had earned little that day, and even the smile of welcome which always met his entrance had failed to remove, as hitherto, the look of anxiety and despair which was now so firmly planted on his features. Still, as his wife got from her cupboard the lump of bread and piece of cold meat which was to make their miserable meal, and warmed up what was left of a quart of ale, and setting it on the table urged him to eat, with a loving look in her pale face and blue eyes, George felt that he was not altogether miserable, and was, in one respect at least, better off than his neighbors.

They talked of the chances of his father relenting, and Ethel, whose idea of parental severity did not allow her to conceive such lasting hatred of one's own flesh and blood, had renewed her advice to George to go to his father's house and tell him how wretchedly poor they were, and implore him to help them, if not with his money, with his interest.

"And, George," she said, "did you not tell me to-morrow is his marriage-day? Do you not think he would be softer to you then?"

George thought that it was not every one who remembered a marriage-day so carefully as Ethel, and his face set as he remembered the hard and bitter name which his father had used when last they met, and which made it probable that the anniversary would not be an inducement to Sir George to forgive; but then he looked at the pleading face of his dear little wife and the sickly appearance of her child, and determined that he would risk even a repetition of such abuse, and endeavor to soften his father's heart.

So next day he went, and the servants in the hall, who knew him and pitied his case—for they too were often victims of his father's passion—ushered him to Sir George without telling his name.

"Well?" said Ethel, when George came home to her that evening. But his flushed and angry face, where stubborn defiance was mingled with despair, answered her question even before he spoke.

"I went into the room, and when he saw me he started up and said, 'Oh, it's you, is it? what do you want? Is that woman dead?' I told him of our state, of your health, of our poverty. I pleaded for his pity. I acknowledged my fault in marrying without his leave, but urged my past and present affection for you. I pointed out your weakness, and said you were scarcely able to nurse your child. When I mentioned the child he stepped toward me and said hurriedly, 'Is it a boy or girl? Quick, answer me; do you hear?' I told him it was a girl, and he gave a sigh of relief. I was going to urge him to forget his anger and at least relieve our poverty, when he said, 'Stop; you know your fault, repair it. Leave that wretched woman whom you say you have married, and never see her again. Go abroad for two years, and then live in the country on an allowance which I will give you. Meanwhile we will have her watched till she either starves or—'"

"What, dear?" said Ethel, as George paused and hid his face in his hands.

"'Gives you reason for seeking a divorce!' I must have said something violent then, for his brutality fairly made me lose my temper. What I did say I know not; but our interview ended in his rushing at me, knocking me down and kicking me repeatedly, till the servants came and rescued me from his violence. So all hope is lost from that source; and may Heaven's curses—"

"Stop, George!" said Ethel quickly. "That will do no good; recollect he is your father still."

The soft voice could always influence him, and even now in the bitterness of his heart availed to stay the unfilial words which were rising to his lips.

Affairs, however, looked dark for George and his wife, and for a week he was inclined to despair of ever rescuing her from the distress in which they were plunged. But the blackest cloud has a silver lining, and Hope never entirely fails her followers. A comparatively remunerative engagement, from a firm who told George they were fully aware of all his circumstances, gave some encouragement to his life, and put an end to the actual fears of hunger which he had suffered. But still they were poor, very poor; and all Ethel's management and care, and all George's self-denial and industry, were required to save enough money to consult the doctor about baby, and buy enough medicine and port-wine to keep her mother's roses from utterly deserting her cheeks.

One day, six weeks after the interview with Sir George which had terminated so violently, and a fortnight after his engagement of which I have told you, George, who never saw the papers, received a formal letter in a business-like envelope, the contents of which fairly took away his breath. It was from Heme and Hunter, his father's solicitors, who told him that Sir George, having been violently excited in the meeting with his son, had had a rush of blood to his head, and subsequently a fit of apoplexy, from which he had died about ten days previous to the date of the letter. "Every search," they went on to say, "for a will having been made, we have the honor to inform you that none has been found, and that therefore, as heir-at-law, you are entitled to lay claim to the whole of the estates. We shall be glad to hear from you at your pleasure; and we solicit a continuance of those favors which," &c., &c.

George's first feeling, to give him his due, was one of distress at the death of his father, and that that death might presumably be attributed to his interview with him; but soon this feeling gave way to thoughts of his own condition.

The gambler, whom a sudden coup has rescued from impending ruin; the duellist à la barrière, whose opponent's pistol placed to his heart has missed fire; the despairing lover, whose last appeal is answered by the "yes" which he dared not hope for—all these feel a sort of reaction of relief which has the effect for a moment of almost paralyzing the mind, and amounts from its intensity to pain. And so it was with George, as in a half-stunned manner he read and re-read the letter which lay before him. All his difficulties at an end! He rich, able to bestow on his wife the luxuries which he at first had intended for her, and let her take the situation in life for which all her poverty and distress, all her hard work and misery, could not disqualify her! Instead of penury, wealth; instead of drudgery, leisure; instead of solitude, association with those who could appreciate Ethel's beauty and feel for the trials which she had undergone. These were the contrasts which his mind imagined between his past life and his future. Do you wonder that in telling the news to Ethel he broke down, and that, for a few moments at least, she thought he had lost his head?

CHAPTER II.

The London season was at its height. The Easter recess was over; Parliament was in the full swing of a busy session; and the hundred and one thousand hangers-on of the great debating club were enjoying the society of their friends, and employing the summer months each in his own way.

It was Thursday night—one of the Duchess of Merionethshire's Thursdays—and the great house in Belgrave-square was filled with all those who, from rank, beauty, wealth, or wit, had the entrée in the best London society. There was no dancing. The duchess liked that people should be able to see their friends without having their toes trod upon by young guardsmen or Foreign-office clerks in their vain endeavor to find their partners for the next valse, or having to listen, without hope of escape, to a dreary succession of "rounds" and "squares." There was, however, one room in which the best string band in Europe played a selection of classical pieces, and the prima donna of the year varied the pleasure of those who liked good music by singing one or two of her favorite airs. The rest of the magnificent suite was left empty for the numbers who had accepted her grace's invitation to get out of the way after they had shaken hands.

A cabinet minister was talking to one of those men, of whom one or more has always been found in London, who know everybody and everything, and can always tell you what Lady A.'s broker or Lady B.'s doctor thinks of his client this week, and can give you the true reason for Mr. L.'s disappearance from town.

"Tell me, Henry," he said, "who is that little woman with the pearls, talking to Hesketh Percy? What a pretty face! I don't think I ever saw her before."

"Ah, yes, that is quite a story. She is that Lady Lovelace whom people are talking about. Her husband fished her out of Wales somewhere, and married her for love. His father, who wanted him to marry Atterfield's girl, did not like it, and cut him off with a shilling; he forgot, however, to sign his will, or make it, or something; and the present man, after living for four years in a hovel, on what he could earn—which wasn't much—has come into all the property. I don't wonder at your asking, for she is certainly pretty; and he, they say, will do very well. It is a fine estate, is it not? You ought to know; Blackwood is in your county."

"Yes, very, but in a neglected condition; the last baronet was a cross-grained, stingy sort of old reprobate, who spent no money on the estate, and let it go to the dogs. He died a year ago. We ought to look after this man; which way would he vote?"

"With you, I believe; but I know the woman—shall I introduce you?"

"Yes, do; and I'll make my lady go and call."

Oh, fickle world! Oh, shallow world! Oh, false world! Fawn on success, and—no, I will not explode; but it does make me a little angry to think that when George was in sore need of a friend none would lend him a helping hand; when his wife was the fashion, and he rich, there were none who were not eager to make his acquaintance.

The change in their life was great—almost unbearable at first. Like the blaze of light on an eye accustomed to darkness, the excess of their present ease had stunned, at first, those who were becoming inured to difficulty and distress. But, after a time, this wore off, and the feeling of astonishment and doubt which arose from it, and prevented, for some time, the thorough enjoyment of their new circumstances, gave way in the minds of George and Ethel to a calmer state, in which they were thoroughly able to appreciate the bounties which Fortune had given them.

Before he moved from his lodging, George had caused the strictest search to be made for his father's will. He must be sure of his right, he said, before taking possession of the estates; and it was only after every imaginable place had been futilely ransacked, that he consented to have transferred to his own name the handsome balance which lay unemployed at Hoare's.

Then he had taken Ethel and baby abroad, and they had roamed over Switzerland and Italy, to the intense delight and advantage of the young wife, and then—when the roses were in full bloom in England and in Ethel's cheeks—they had come back for a little London, preparatory to going down to Blackwood for the autumn. Ethel had completely recovered the effects of her pauper life, and could afford to look back on it without pain, and even talk of it during the many interviews which she had with her good old landlady. It was a bad thing for the lodgers in the little house that Ethel had moved Mrs. Grumpe to her London house before taking her down to Blackwood; for it may be doubted whether there existed a more benevolent or painstaking old housekeeper in the whole city. But Ethel said she would not leave the good soul where she was, and insisted on showing—now she could—her appreciation of her kindness when they lived in her house. So she would often send for Mrs. Grumpe to her room, make her have tea, and chat about old times—for they already seemed old to Ethel—and joke about the shifts they were put to to pay the rent.

"And I must say this, my dear—I beg pardon, I mean my lady," would be old Martha's constant refrain—"there never was no one more punctual to the minute than you, 'cept the time when you took ill, and that there blessed infant was worn, and then you could not help it."

"And so you forgave us the debt; eh, Martha?"

"Well, my dear, I didn't want to press ye."

But George never joined these séances, nor did he ever allude to his past life in conversation with his wife; and whenever anything recalled it to his mind, Ethel thought that a shudder passed over him, as it were of detestation of some horrible thing. Nor was his health at first good. The harassing anxiety of the four years of struggle seemed to have left its stamp upon him. He would show signs of lack of energy and lack of vigor. Little things would annoy him, and though with Ethel he was always gentle and affectionate, with others he would with difficulty repress an inclination to be peevish and querulous. These symptoms, however, faded away after a time, and George seemed, when he had been in London for a month, as well as ever he had been in his youth.

And the whirl of London went on. The same nonsense was talked in ball-rooms, the same scandal in boudoirs, the same false logic at clubs. And George and Ethel, having determined to do London, did it as perhaps young married people alone can. They were made much of, too—she in the saloons of the women, he in the clubs of the men of his party, who had already extracted from him half a promise to stand at the next election for the county. And they obtained everywhere a welcome which they owed to their position, their strange story, and Ethel's striking beauty, and which they kept up by the many good qualities which they possessed. But all this while George never spoke about their past life to Ethel, nor did he mention the subject until they had been at Blackwood for a fortnight, and then it was in this wise:—

They were in the garden one evening after a warm day toward the end of August, sitting in two basket-chairs, and watching the sun set slowly behind the hills which separated their county from its neighbor. Their garden was bounded on two sides by an avenue of fine trees, while on the side opposite the house there was nothing to keep the eye from roaming over a fair and fertile valley, closed in by the range of hills, and through the middle of which the waters of a silvery river glittered here and there in the sun. It was a lovely evening; some thrushes were singing in the fulness of their appreciation of a recent shower; some doves were cooing in a wood hard by, and their notes seemed to bring out in contrast the calm which reigned everywhere around. It was a sort of day on which existence alone is a pleasure; and George, as he left his chair, and threw himself at the feet of his fair wife, felt this, and broke rather a long silence by saying: "No, I don't think I could bear it."

"What, dear?" said Ethel, though she had, before his answer came, followed his train of thought.

"To leave all this and go back to our past life. When I think of what was our existence and what was evidently meant to be ours for life, I cannot help feeling as one does after waking from a horrible nightmare; and when I see your dear face looking so well and happy, and know that

you can do all the good actions which you love, I cannot help thinking some providence must have prevented my father doing what he must have intended. You are happy here, Ethel?'

"Yes, perfectly. Why?"

"Because I should be sorry if you were not. I want to live here a great deal. I think a man has duty on his property, and ought to do that duty as much as he can. He alone can decide many things without producing the discontent which an agent's decision, even if equally just, often gives. I therefore want to make this our home, and not be away from it much. There is plenty for you to do, when baby can spare you. The schools are in a villainous state, and several cottages ought to be built in the village. Don't be in a hurry though, and don't run amuck against people's prejudices; others are not necessarily wrong because they don't agree with you. With tact you may do much good. By heaven, to think that I can give you the means of doing it, and that once—it is too horrible to think of that life!"

CHAPTER III.

"To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

So they made up their minds to stay at Blackwood; and before they had been there a year the property began to show manifest signs of the change of owners. The village began to grow tidier. A model cottage or two were put up here and there. The school-room was rebuilt and the church improved. Then Ethel had her classes and worked hard at them; not spasmodically and with the zeal which is warm one day and negligent the next, but with care and determination and patience. She found it up-hill work at first, and the difficulties many, but she soon overcame them. She took up the choir too, and paid attention to the singing in church. The result was increased attendance and greater interest. Then she made George pay a good salary to a curate to help the rector, and contrived that he should select a clever man from Balliol, who was wise enough to preach simple homely sermons, which the country people understood and liked far better than the argumentative disputations of poor old Probser.

Then she busied herself with the poor, and helped them to help themselves, not by giving them money, but by putting them in the way of earning it. Sometimes she helped them to buy a sewing-machine; sometimes she gave them direct employment; and sometimes she did them more good by showing them how to supply each other's wants, and by doing so, help themselves. She had the power which a pretty woman always has, and she used it well.

Then too, when sickness broke out and low fever came, she sent for a London doctor, and kept him in the house for a month till he had broken the neck of the disease, and showed the local man the newest manner of dealing with it. When Amy Dunscombe, who lived at the lodge, was taken ill, Ethel nursed her herself, and the doctor said that it was entirely owing to her ladyship's care that the girl came round as she did. No one knew who Amy was. She had been sent to the lodge-keeper's by old Sir George, who paid a certain sum for her keep, on the ground that she was the daughter of an old tenant who was dead, and to whom he was indebted. She was a violent girl, and not in good repute in the village, where she was not much loved, and where stories were told not at all in her favor. But she was frightened by her illness, and was grateful—for a time—to Ethel for her care. A little while afterward, however, she had forgotten this, and became desperately angry one day because Ethel told her she was too much about with Walter, the village attorney's clerk, a low foul-mouthed chap, who was not often seen at church or where he ought to be. She was very insolent too, and when Ethel threatened to send her away said she did not care; if she had her rights she was as good as any of 'em—ay, as my lady herself, notwithstanding all her airs.

But it must not be imagined that Ethel was the only one who worked. George put his whole heart into his duties. Ere long he knew every tenant and their holdings; and while he was extremely firm with those whom he thought careless or negligent in their farming, he was always ready to help those who were in want of temporary aid, and he assisted more than one to drain a field, to stock a farm, or to buy a steam-engine. He was liked, for he had a popular manner with every one, and he had also tact and weight, and his ready sympathy and open-handed liberality, coupled with his inflexible uprightness, gave him power and influence.

One day when he and his wife had been at home about fifteen months, as they were leaving the churchyard after having been present at the wedding of one of their servants, a knot of villagers were gathered together as they passed.

"There she goes," said one. "She's the prettiest lassy in all the county, ay, and the best too."

"Ah," said a second, "he's a fortunate man, and he deserves it."

"That he does; when my old woman was down so bad he sent broth and port wine every day from is big house."

"He gave my lass a gownd when she married."

"He would na touch a penny of John Roberts's rent last year when the disease was so bad with ta cattle."

"Na; and he gied poor old Biddy Mortagh that mangle that keeps t' ould girl going."

"God bless 'em both, say I; let's gie 'em a cheer."

In the county also George did his work as a magistrate honestly and well; and his opinion—even though he was utterly innocent of law—was always listened to with respect. He subscribed liberally to hounds, and though he did not hunt much there was always a fox in his coverts during his first season. He was a great man for working at the county infirmary and the district lunatic asylums, in which he remedied many abuses and put affairs on a much better footing than they had known formerly. He was always ready to be put on any committee for county purposes, for his past life seemed to have had one effect upon him—that he was unable to be idle. So that if he was not engaged in out-door sports, he was nearly certain to be at work at something or another.

Nor did he neglect his social duties, and those who accepted the hospitality of Blackwood were never sorry that they had done so, and were always glad to come again. George was never a wild man, and now he felt far happier in the company of those who had, than of those who had not, something more to recommend them than mere social popularity; and at Blackwood therefore you would generally find men of literary or artistic distinction, men of ability in the law, one or more of the leading men of the ministry—in a word, men of repute in some line or another. And on occasions when such a party would assemble at Blackwood, Ethel would play the hostess with as much pleasure as she took in looking after her village, and would be as popular with George's guests as she was with her own friends.

Such was their life. Had I time I could show you more of it, and make you realize more fully how thoroughly they entered into and enjoyed it. I could also show you many traits of their character and many signs of their affection for one another. I have, however, showed you enough to prevent you wondering that they were much liked in Athertonshire, and that, in the event of a vacancy, George would probably have been returned for his division without much opposition. I have also showed you that their life was a good life—so far as they were enabled to lead one—and that both George and his wife endeavored—appreciating thoroughly as they did the advantages of their position—to carry out what they considered to be its duties.

And now I ask you to come on with me to a day in November, a little more than three years after George had come to Blackwood. And before I attempt to describe that day I want to ask you a question. Is a man—usually honest—who, being suddenly and unawares exposed to a most terrible temptation—that temptation heightened by the absolute certainty of escaping detection—falls a victim to it, as blamable as the one who deliberately, and as it were in cold blood, does a dishonest deed? I do not ask, is he blamable at all. I do not ask whether every man is or is not strong enough to resist any temptation if he choose, nor do I go into the argument that that very choosing may depend on circumstances which are outside his power. I leave such questions to logicians to discuss. I merely ask you to consider which is the more blamable in the cases which I have put. And with this preface I beg you to follow me into George's study on the 10th of November, in the year I have mentioned.

It is a room on the ground floor, with a bay-window opening into the garden. Over the fireplace, which is opposite the window, is a looking-glass framed in carved oak, and over that an oil-painting of Ethel, the only one in the house. In the middle of the room is George's writing-table, covered with blue-books, county papers, reports of institutions, appeals for money. His stationery-case faces him, and on his right, so placed that he may always see it when he is writing, a silver frame containing a photograph of Ethel, done before they were married. The frame is new, the photograph he has had since he first loved her, and it has always followed him wherever he has gone. Book-shelves filled with the most readable productions of the day, an edition of Shakespeare, of Byron, and of Tennyson, Praed's poems, and a series of books of reference, fill one side of the room, while the other is taken up with a cupboard containing more blue-books and parliamentary papers, and a cabinet full of old letters arranged methodically in pigeon-holes. There is not much room on the walls, but there is enough for one or two water-color sketches of rivers in Scotland and Wales, which at one time or another have been visited by George with his rod, and among which you may be sure is the river on whose banks he first saw the bonny face of his wife. There are two arm-chairs in front of the fire, for Ethel often comes to brighten her husband's den with her presence; and on the chimney-piece are a few nick-nacks which she insisted on putting there to "make the place look habitable," as she said, and to prevent George from strewing his "nasty pipes" all over the velvet covering which she had worked.

It was a comfortable room and a cosy, and there George would work away at what he had to do, and look forward to the time when Ethel would come for a quiet chat before dinner. The heavy green curtains contrasted well with the rich color of the carpet and the quiet papering; while the absence of all gaudiness, combined with the comfortable shape and furnishing of the room, made it a favorite resort for the more intimate of George's male friends on occasions when there was no risk of disturbing a conjugal tête-à-tête.

On the evening I mention, George had been very busy with various matters connected with his estate, and had about six o'clock drawn his chair to the fire to wait for Ethel. She did not come, however, and he was restless and with the working fit still on him, so he determined to make the most of his time and go over a box of old leases having reference to a portion of the estate in which an opportunity had arisen for the consolidation and improvement of the tenancies. It was a cold day, there was a bright fire burning on the hearth, and as George leaned over it from his arm-chair the papers which he was reading were dangerously near the flames. He had read one or two leases and was proceeding to examine another, when between the leaves he noticed a document of different shape and character, which he at first took to be a map or something connected with the subject-matter of the lease. He read on, however, and found that there was no allusion in the lease to any schedule, map, or appendix, and then he took up the paper to see what it was. As he opened it, in the middle he caught sight of his own name, and on closer examination he found it was his father's will; the lost will for which there had been such a search.

The blood rushed to his head. The room seemed to whirl round, and for a moment he lost himself and was insensible. When he recovered the shock he sat down and set to work to read the will, which was in due order and correctly drawn. By it Sir George gave and bequeathed to George Lovelace, Esq., of Ann's court, Covent-garden, "who having openly defied my authority, disobeyed my wishes, and married a woman of no repute, deserves no consideration at my hands and shall have none, and who"—and here followed a long paragraph of abuse, couched in language so violent as to make George gnash his teeth as he read it—"the sum of one thousand pounds sterling. I give and bequeath"—and here followed a few, very few, legacies to old servants and dependents, and then the will went on to say "the residue of my property, both real and personal, I leave to Amy Annabel, commonly called Dunscombe, at present living with the lodge-keeper at Blackwood, and who is really my natural daughter by a woman named Deane, formerly a cook in my service." George was lawyer enough to know that the will was properly drawn, properly signed, properly witnessed by two servants now dead. There was no loophole in that quarter, the will was a legal instrument, and if produced could not be disputed.

Now, mark! George was quite alone. No human being knew of the existence of the will, for the lawyer who drew it had often said it must have been destroyed in consequence of the thousand pounds legacy, and the witnesses were both dead. The fire was close at hand; a few moments, a few efforts of the crackling flames, and the will would be useless dust. And George, smarting under the vile language which related to himself, seized the document and turned toward the grate; but he hesitated and thought once more. The act would be wrong. Crime is punished even though man find it not out. Even suppose he were not detected, what would his life be with the sense of guilt? And afterwards?

"To die, to sleep.
To sleep, perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause."

What would his dreams in the future be like? Beyond these voices good is rewarded, evil punished.

But then what was good? he thought. Was it justice that his mother's son, his father's legitimate heir, should be ousted and reviled, and that the offspring of his father's guile should be installed in the possessions which were rightly his? Was it just that he, who had striven to do right, should be thwarted, and that a girl, who was sure to do wrong, should be aided in her attempt—that all Ethel's kind and beneficent actions should cease? Then came thoughts of her. How could he endure to take her back again to poverty, to trials, to sickness? Was it good that it should be so? How, if the Jesuits' theory were right, would not good undoubtedly follow the evil of his act? And, for himself, would not a life of perpetual beneficence, of continual encouragement to his wife in her acts of kindness, atone for crime? It would hurt no one. Amy should have a liberal allowance, better for her far than sole possession of the estate; the county would benefit, the village would benefit, none would suffer. And, if this were so, ought not he to sacrifice himself for such an end? Ought he not to disregard even his own innocence when weighed against so much undoubted advantage to others? What was he that for his personal freedom from crime he should cause so much risk of injury to the world? He had heard, and he thought, and he believed, that God was just; would He punish him for such an act? Would not that act give effect to what was just; and would not he be, by doing this act, doing right? And the parchment was held toward the fire—so close that a shooting flame actually singed one corner.

But, no! The brain might reason, the heart was not convinced. The mind, irritated and overwhelmed, might be excited nearly to the pitch of action; but against it, stronger than the logic which justified the act and the desire which made it sweet, arose the still small voice which said, "It is wrong!"

And so for a time—he knew not how long—George sat, his hand outstretched with the paper near the coals; and then, the contest over, turned with a heavy sigh and was opening his desk to put the deed therein. Just at that moment the door opened and his wife came in, her face radiant and lighted up with the excitement of good news.

"Ethel!"

"Yes, dear. Lord Fairbairn has just come; he is in a great hurry; he says he wants to tell you that Mr. Austruther has resigned, and he is anxious that you should issue your address. But good heavens, George! what is the matter?"

"Ethel, look here!"

CHAPTER IV.

"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."

Though it was still comparatively early in the year the smoking-room at the Minerva was full. The keenness felt at the great act which was to remedy the years of unjust legislation toward Ireland had brought members of parliament up earlier than usual to London. It was Wednesday. Little was going on at St. Stephen's, and in the club were assembled several members of either House of Parliament, and many men well known in the public world, men who would be able to give you, one or the other of them, some information on nearly any point which you wished to discuss.

"What are you going to do, Henry?" said a member of the Government, who was notorious for not turning up his nose at the attractions of society, to a tall, gray-headed man, who was sitting before the fire reading the Pall Mall. "Going to Berkeley-square?"

"No, I told the duchess I should not come. No, I am waiting for Fairbairn, who promised to play a rubber of écarté. I expected him here an hour ago."

"That's odd; he is not generally unpunctual."

"Who are you talking of?" broke in a third. "Fairbairn? I met him four hours ago, going down Piccadilly, in the mischief's own hurry; he said he was going to see some one, but I did not catch the name."

"Well, I hope he'll come. I want to ask him about— Hallo, Fairbairn! Here you are at last.

'Look at the clock,' said Wynifred Pryce,
As she opened the door to her husband's knock;
'Look at the clock—do look at the clock!'"

"I am very sorry, but when you know the reason, I am sure you will forgive me."

"Well, what is it? Why, your face is as long as my arm!"

"So it need be. I have seen as sad a sight to day as I ever saw in my life."

"What was it?" and several men crowded round, frightened out of chaffing by the serious expression of Lord Fairbairn's face.

"You remember Lovelace, Henry? The man with the little wife whom you used to admire so much?"

"What, the man in your county, who succeeded about three years ago?"

"Just so. Well, he's dead."

"Good heavens! How? When?"

"Well, it's rather a long story; but about four month ago, just as he was doing well in the county, improving his property, building schools, and working like a slave at all that was commendable, one unlucky day, when poking about among some old papers, he found his father's will; you remember he had a row with the old man about his marriage. Well, in this will the d—d old curmudgeon, after abusing his son like the devil, left all the property, except a thousand pounds, to a natural daughter. Lovelace was all alone when he found the will, and told me afterward that for about five minutes he was as nearly committing a felony as a man possibly could be."

"I really think under the circumstances he would have been justified."

"So did not he, and, instead of burning the will as he might, and no one would ever have found him out, he sent it to his lawyer; the whole thing was all right, and he had to give up the property, the value of which had increased even in the short time he had it. Well, would you believe it, the girl to whom it was left—a misguided little wretch, whose life Lovelace's wife had saved, and who had behaved abominably afterward, and married some low attorney—actually sued him for the back rents, not I believe de son chef, but by the advice of her rascally husband, and ousted the poor fellow out of even the trifle which his father had left him. Poor Lovelace! He had had some experience of poverty during his father's life, but this second blow was too much for him. It fairly broke his heart. I used to go down and see him sometimes. And there was he, the rightful owner of a large estate, and a man who had done all the good in his power, living in a filthy little room in Covent-garden. You did not know him as well as I did when he was at Blackwood; but I assure you he was the best fellow in the world, there was nothing he would not do for you, and he was always ready to be of service to any one; I do not think I ever knew such a good-natured man. Well, of course I offered him help; but he would not take it. He sternly refused all assistance, and seemed quite broken; he would only groan out a wish to be left alone. That was his continual request, 'Leave me alone.' His wife, of whom he was very fond, was the only one who had any influence with him; and she, poor thing, did all she could to keep him up, and was glad to take whatever I sent her; but she was weak and ill, and, moreover, had her child to look after as well as her husband. This morning I got a letter from her, written so that I could scarcely read it, imploring me to come and see them; so I went of course, and found him lying in his wretched room, in which you could scarcely turn round, with no one but his wife and an old housekeeper; the latter was doing her best for them, but was not of much use, though I believe she meant to be, poor soul. Lovelace was sinking fast when I came, and I sent in a hurry for Gull. He came, but it was of no use. There was no strength, and poor George—he was such a good fellow, Henry—died in my arms about two hours after I had arrived. His poor little wife—you never saw such a scene. I did all I could to quiet her, but it had no effect. I got Gull to send for his man, and made him promise to stay in the house all night; but they seem to think she won't live. Perhaps it is best she should not. Thank God, I can adopt the child—that's some consolation. No, thank ye, Henry; I don't think I can play écarté to-night."

LONDON GOSSIP.

A Marriage in the Argyll Family—Blue Blood Mingled with Blood Somewhat Redder.

The numerous family of the Duke of Argyll will soon be so composed as to include within its widely extending limits members of almost every grade of English society. His eldest son, the Marquis of Lorne, is married to a daughter of the Queen of England. His second son is a wine merchant, an occupation always held in considerable honor among the Scotch, in memory, no doubt, of the time when only families of some importance could stock their cellars with wine, and when the wine merchant was often the proprietor of vineyards in France and Spain. Toat, however, does not alter the fact that the duke's second son is in the wine trade. His third son is a tea dealer, a merchant—not a grocer, selling tea by retail across the counter, but a dealer in tea all the same. One of the commercial members of the family, Lord Walter Campbell—whether the dealer or the wine merchant I forget—is now about to marry Miss Milne, daughter of a very rich manufacturer, who began life as a workman, and whose literary education has been sadly neglected. The duke will thus find himself in the interesting position of being allied to the royal family on the one hand, to the laboring classes on the other; and he is already connected, through both his younger sons, with the wholesale commerce of the country. To put the matter in another and more striking light, the sister of his eldest daughter-in-law will be the future queen; the mother of his youngest daughter a sort of Mrs. Malaprop accustomed to commit the unpardonable offence of "murdering the Queen's English." Will Queen Victoria and the lady who habitually defaces her majesty's word-coinage meet? and how, in any case, will the two daughters-in-law get on together? Miss Milne will suddenly find herself connected very closely with the royal family of England, and not very remotely with those of Prussia, Denmark and Russia. Her future husband is brother of the Marquis of Lorne, who is brother-in-law of the Princess of Prussia, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, and whose wife is sister-in-law of the Princess of Wales and the Duchess of Edinburgh. What, it has been asked, will Russia, Prussia and Denmark say to this marriage? It is difficult to answer the question all at once. When, however, the Vicar of Wakefield's son published his volume of paradoxes, and was afterward asked by his father "what the world said to his paradoxes," "the world," replied the candid young man, "said nothing to my paradoxes;" and that, I fancy, is the sort of answer "Russia, Prussia and Denmark" would give, if consulted on the subject of Lord Walter Campbell's marriage. When Mr. Milne, the father of the young lady, met the Duke of Argyll in order to discuss preliminaries, the duke is said to have told the father of his future son-in-law that, personally, he approved very much of the proposed match, but that the queen being now virtually the head of his family, he could not give his formal consent without first consulting her majesty. His grace wrote off at once to Windsor Castle, and the next day a letter arrived from Queen Victoria saying that she considered the alliance which she had been requested to sanction a most desirable one, but that on all family matters she made it a rule to consult her brother-in-law, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg, (brother of the late Prince Albert,) who, she felt sure, would share her views. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg entertained a most favorable opinion of the projected union, and would have been quite ready to advise the queen to recommend her relative to give his consent, but since the establishment of the German empire he felt bound, in all matters of importance, to take the commands of his imperial master. In due time came a formal communication from the Emperor William to the effect that his majesty saw nothing whatever to object to in the contemplated marriage, which, he had no doubt, would turn out most happily; only, before coming to an absolute decision on questions of moment, he was accustomed to hold a conference with his trusted servant, Prince Bismarck. Prince Bismarck, when asked whether he thought the family of the Duke of Argyll might, without derogation, ally itself to that of Mr. Milne, answered (in effect) that he didn't know and didn't care, but that he thought it might.

This curious story, which, as regards design, bears so strong a resemblance to that of the "House that Jack Built," has become popular; and, sharing the fate of all such legends, assumes diverse forms, and is told with abundant variations. In one version the Duke of Argyll's son becomes a daughter, and the aspirant for the honor of entering the duke's family an American traveller, who meets the young lady at a picnic, and, without ceremony, asks her to become his wife. She refers him to papa: the duke refers him to the queen; the queen refers him to the Duke of Saxe-Coburg; the Duke of Saxe Coburg refers him to the Emperor of Germany; the Emperor of Germany refers him to Prince Bismarck, and Bismarck replies that he does not care two pence whom the girl marries, just as the American sends word to say that since the family make so much fuss about the affair he withdraws his offer. As a matter of fact, the marriage between Lord Walter Campbell and Miss Milne is definitely arranged.

If the new member of the Argyll family finds herself placed at any disadvantage by reason of her birth, she may console herself by reflecting that even in the very highest circles irritating questions of "precedence" are apt to arise. Thus the Duchess of Edinburgh is said to be under the impression that, being the daughter of an emperor, she is entitled to take precedence of the Princess of Wales, who is only the daughter of a second-rate king. The Princess of Wales, on her side, lays stress on the fact that she is the wife of the heir-apparent to the English throne, whereas the Duchess of Edinburgh is only the wife of his younger brother. These little disputes must render life very agreeable to the members of the royal family.—*N. Y. Times.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SCRIBNER for May is fresh and delightful as the vernal season. It opens with "The District School," a life-like poem with spirited illustrations, of which we like particularly that of the kind, benignant heart-young master, hearing his class of girls and boys, and the the same master resting after the day's work, his face uplifted to the evening star. With such a "guide, philosopher and friend," how naturally would the twig of Young America incline heavenward! "The Great South," is captivating as ever—the View from Lookout Mountain, Umbrella Rock, Lookout Cave, and Tuccoa Falls are especially picturesque. "A Song of May" has the dancing measure and the spirit breathing balmy breath of bonny May itself. Jules Verne's "Mysterious Island" is excitingly adventurous as usual, pictures and word-pictures. Miss Trafton's serial deepens in interest. "The New Homes of New York" is an article to set the heart aglow—such possibilities of good open out from the one benefaction of giving people good homes. "Relenting" is another spring poem, alive with the air of May. "Over Sea" is gracefully written, and pleasant, easy reading. "Alfred Tennyson" is understandingly considered. The secret charm of "The Doctor's Wife" is that she is "a very woman;" and Harriet Prescott's story is worthy of her genius. The "Home and Society" paragraphs are particularly edifying this month; all that a lady needs to know of the present phase of fashion is there.

THE ST. NICHOLAS; Scribner's Illustrated Magazine for Girls and Boys, conducted by MARY MAPES DODGE, (we like the full title, as each item fairly challenges success,) in this May number holds its high place triumphantly. The heroism of "Johanna Lobus" is illustrated brilliantly, in picture and in story. A charming little crowd of children are playing "Blind Man's Buff." Every girl that is a girl will be delighted with the beaming face of Kate, alone in the "Near Woods," thinking how she too would like to "sit and swing on a low-hung grape-vine." Anything prettier than Addie Ledyard's quaint and lovely "Queen o' May" would be hard to find. The child blowing soap-bubbles is also a gem of expressive design. "Miss Fanshaw's Tea-party" is a right pleasant sketch, and "Little Goo-Goo" drawn from life. "A Bright Idea" is so brightly illustrated, it cannot fail to take, as also "How Parsimmons took cah ob de baby." The contrast between the sweet, thoughtful face of the white child and his grotesque negro nurse is most effective. Another nice girl is finding—like Kate—unspeakable enjoyment with a book, "In the Wood," and the verses make appropriate suggestion—

"Then close the page, my lassie,
And lift thy pretty head,
And what the book would say to thee,
The wood shall say instead."

Where the laugh comes in is about "The Jimmyjohn's Sailor Suits;" and "The Robin's Nest" has a charming little design. A happy idea is the article "For Very Little Folks," in large type and loud pictures; and something new and funny in the way of variety is "The Language of the Restless Imps."

Sending a Burglar for Medicine.

The Boston Herald is responsible for the following account of an "exciting and truly dramatic event," which, it alleges, occurred at the residence of a gentleman in that city: "The master of the house, who is a widower with several children, had gone out of the city on business, leaving in the house a lady housekeeper, a female domestic, and his children. During the night one of the children was taken suddenly ill, and the housekeeper, remembering a prescription which had been prepared by the family physician in case of the child's illness, rang a bell to summon the domestic before mentioned. The girl, on coming up to the landing, on which the lady's door opened, confronted her astonished mistress with a pale and terrified countenance. In broken accents she announced that a burglar was hidden in a closet in the basement. Not the least bit frightened, the housekeeper, with a coolness which infused some little courage into the girl, commanded the latter to follow her, and the two women descended to the basement. They lighted the gas, and then opened the door of the closet in which was supposed to be concealed that bugbear of the feminine mind, 'a man in the house.' But nothing animate could be seen. The lady then said: 'If there is any one in this closet let him come out.' To the horror of the two defenceless women a huge negro, with an evil, sinister face, emerged from behind a projection and walked out. The housekeeper, with a readiness of wit and a sang froid beyond that of one man in ten thousand, bethought herself of the prescription which she still held in her hand. 'Take this,' she said to the amazed negro, 'to the nearest apothecary and get it filled. There is a child sick in the house!' The astounded negro took the paper from the lady's hand, and without saying a word left the house by a door which opened for him. When the echo of his footsteps on the pavement grew faint in the distance the woman, who began to experience a reaction of fright, summoned a gentleman living in the next house, and with his aid made doubly secure all the doors and windows. The sick child was then thought of again, and the gentleman was about to leave for the apothecary's when the door bell rang and a night clerk appeared with the desired medicine, stating that a negro had brought the prescription to the store a few minutes before. In the most sensational tale, such an incident as this here narrated would throw discredit on the whole story, but 'tis always that 'truth is stranger than fiction.' The only reason for omitting the name of the heroine of this little drama is her pardonable modesty."

☞ Among the rare things given Patti in Russia, is a canary bird of gold as large as life, with a bill of pearl, and diamond eyes.

American Homes.

The strength of the American Republic is in the universal desire to own a house. It is moulding all the people, native and foreign born, into one homogeneous mass. The ownership of a home is something of which neither the Irish peasant nor the German laborer has in his own country, any conception, but it is here the goal of his hopes and desires. Education comes next; it is a something the need of which is not felt until the adornments of home are thought of. This desire to own the roof under which one sleeps is distinctively an American characteristic, and seems by nature adapted to the growth which is raising us in importance in the scale of nations. It is the link which connects the man with the government; it adds to his interest in the making and execution of the laws, and identifies him with the usages and customs of the people. It is this element which gives the people of Switzerland their unity and power, and the lack of it causes nine-tenths of the unrest in Ireland. No feeling is stronger than the attachments of home, and no nation whose people possess this as a common sentiment can lose its liberties.

A True Story.

From the West we get a true story which gloomily suggests some of Feydeau's weird and horrible fancies. It is well for mankind's peace of mind that things like this which we are about to relate seldom occur. The St. Louis Chief of Police was very much agitated the other morning by the receipt of a telegram from the conductor of a Vandalia train then approaching the city. In the briefest manner the dispatch stated that in the baggage car of that train was a trunk emitting so diabolical an odor that it irresistibly suggested a murderous tragedy, and further, that its owner was on the train, and the number of the check was so-and-so. A whole battalion of policemen and detectives was immediately sent to the depot, the train arrived, the trunk was quietly confiscated, and its owner secretly accompanied to his hotel, not to be arrested until its fatal contents were revealed. Then followed a scene to which only the pencil of a Kaulbach and a Doré could do justice. The lid of the heavy trunk was slowly lifted in the presence of a horror-stricken group, and—it is hard to mention the fearful fact—to their dilated eyes were disclosed the ghastly forms of six (6) Limburger cheeses.

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This is an irritation or inflammation of the bronchial tubes which carry the air we breathe into the lungs. It arises from a cold settled in the throat, from Catarrh extending to those parts, from scrofulous affections, and from severe use of the voice. The irritation from this latter cause commences in the *larynx* and *glottis*, which are the organs of the voice, and, extending downwards, produces hoarseness, coughing, and spitting mucous matter, sometimes mixed with blood. It is chiefly dangerous from its tendency to spread into the lungs, and terminate in consumption. It is in the cure of severe and obstinate cases of this disease that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has achieved unparalleled success, and won the loudest praises from all who have used it.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1874.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

BUILDING A HOME.

One of the most pleasing objects that a man looks forward to through years of toil is to build a house for himself, to solidify, in brick and mortar, his ideal of a home,—or rather of the visible body that shall most worthily shelter and minister to the growth of the home spirit. And how a man reveals himself, sets forth his strength or weakness, when fortune puts into his hands the power of realization! Sudden wealth is rarely used with taste and judgment. Crude as the individual will be his mansion. A hundred mistaken or half-formed, undigested ideas find expression, proclaiming what he is and where he stands. Even if glaring blunders are avoided by enlisting professional skill, some law of fitness or adaptation is pretty sure to be violated, and as sure to avenge itself speedily.

"Vaulting ambition overleaps its self,
And falls on the other side."

The millionaire forgets that the genius of our country smiles only upon moderate estates; and his castle or palace, imitating the baronial grandeur of the Old World, is left a stranded wreck from the first financial storm.

The best examples of domestic architecture are found among dwellings of moderate pretension; in the country, of course, for close-built cities deny the necessary space. Among the villas, then,—and the word is not a pretentious one, simply meaning rural, as village means a country town. A villa differs from a farm-house in tasteful and elegant additions, what may be called the flowering of personal refinements, upon the plain structure devoted to useful purposes. And the most charming home features are often the little improvements made year after year as means admit, to meet the growing wants and tastes—the developing characters of a family. Whether consonant with rigid architectural laws or not, such additions are sure to be pleasing, if they really flower out from the in-dwelling home spirit.

That library, for instance, jutting off from the main building, embodies the longing of half a lifetime. Within, its luxurious details are features, each and all, of the cherished idea that has ripened to rich fulness through years of waiting. The books arranged at last in appropriate place and fitting order, are gradual accumulations, every volume dear with its own interest, and breathing a spirit through the place. Choice company from all the ages, silent yet eloquent, saints and poets and heroes, here they are, a real presence, inviting closest communion of soul with soul. Never obtrusive, yet always ready, they strengthen in spirit and soothe by turns,—unfailing fountains of recreation. On top of the shelves, not inaccessibly high, but set with familiar nearness, are the marble busts,—a chosen few from the kings of thought. And such treasures of art as enrich and embellish the room are the spoils of love, not of money, coveted indulgences—expressions of individuality. For this individuality, visible in all things, exterior and interior, is what gives life and character to the home.

Thus, to please the flower-loving daughter, whose chamber opens out upon it, the flat roof of the library becomes a miniature garden, brimming over all the summer through with bloom and fragrance. There, in vases, and graceful jardinieres, and rustic boxes are seen the early spring flowers—one especial basket of surpassing sweetness, overflowing with Violet's birthday gets; and the roses and lilies of June, and all the wealth of tropic leaf and blossom that so luxuriates in the light and heat of the short, glowing season. Each successive month throws its own splendor of color over the small domain, and endless are the graces and sweetnesses that every day and hour brings forth. In the cool, dewy morning multitudes of morning glories are ablow, lighting up the trellis with the azure and rosy tints of dawn to greet the early riser. The mystic passion vine makes a bower of its own luxuriant growth, in whose dim religious light Theodora may sit and dream dreams and see visions—her face uplifted to the starry flowers, breathing love and awe from their shadowy cross and crown of thorns—or bent intently over the devotional pages of Fenelon or Guyon, Augustine or Thomas A Kempis. In the charmed moonlight richest scents are afloat of jessamine and tuberose, and the place is a little fairy realm, apart in the upper air.

To please the same taste through the long winter months, and cheat them of their gloom, the whole east end of the breakfast-room is thrown out to the cheerful light—a semi-circle of glass, generous in amplitude and generously furnished with such plants as are sure to flourish, and occasionally to bloom. There the canary swings and sings in his gilded cage, and the fountain falls, flashing and tinkling into the basin where the gold fish swim; and, hardly less consciously rejoicing, fresh leaves and flowers daily open to the light. The dreariness of winter never enters here. Sunshine and singing cheer the morning meal; and if storms rave without, they but heighten by contrast the comfort within.

If the house have that invaluable privilege—a fine view, it is an appropriate feature to make the chamber window open on a balcony, that the occupant may step out at early morning or evening, or in the tumult of a storm, to enjoy the lights and shadows, and endless picturesque variations of the landscape. As Downing says, "Whatever gives to the villa its best and truest expression of human sympathy and affection, confers on it its highest and most lasting character of beauty."

"The man of sentiment or feeling will seek for that house in whose aspect there is something to love. It must nestle in or grow out of the soil. It must not look all new and sunny, but show secluded, shadowy corners. There must be nooks about it, where one would love to linger; windows where one can enjoy the quiet landscape leisurely; cosy rooms, where all domestic fireside joys are invited to dwell. It must, in short, have something in its aspect which the heart can fasten upon and become attached to, as naturally as the ivy attaches itself to the antique wall, preserving its memories from decay.

"Imaginative men are at home in picturesque villas—country houses with high roofs, steep gables, unsymmetrical and capricious forms. It is for such that the architect may safely introduce the tower and the campanile—any and every feature that indicates originality, boldness, energy, and variety of character. To find a really original man living in an original and characteristic house is as satisfactory as to find an eagle's nest built on the top of a mountain crag—while to find a pretentious, shallow man in such a habitation is no better than to find the jackdaw in the eagle's nest. The idea of a battlemented castle may be very captivating, but, *unless there is something of the castle in the man*, it is very likely, if it be like a real castle, to dwarf him to the stature of a mouse. Almost all imitations of castles must, as private dwellings, be petty in this country. There is one of grey stone on the lower part of the Hudson. When the Swedish novelist, Fredrika Bremer, was sailing past, some one said, 'Do you see—a castle?' 'Ah!' she replied, 'but it is a *very young* castle!'" S. P.

AN OLD SUPERSTITION.

Among the horrible superstitions which still exist in some parts of the world, that of the vampire is one of the worst. A recent lawsuit in Germany has shown that this weird belief still exists, notwithstanding the boasted enlightenment of the nineteenth century.

On the 5th of February, 1870, there died at Kantzyno, a village in Western Prussia, of consumption, a respectable gentleman, named Francis Von Poblocki, sixty-three years of age. A few days after his funeral his eldest son, Anton, was taken sick and died on the 18th of the same month. According to the physician, his disease was what is known as "galloping consumption."

Almost at the same time this man's wife and a young daughter were taken sick; a second son and a brother-in-law felt very unwell, and all these persons complained of feeling indescribable anxiety and oppression.

The superstitious notion was now adopted by the family, that the dead father was a so-called vampire, and that they must all die if help were not at once obtained.

A vampire is supposed to be a body which continues to live in the grave, rising therefrom by night to suck the precious life-blood from living persons, especially its own relatives, and thus to nourish itself and prevent the usual decay.

The persons attacked, it is said, sometimes feel themselves in a dream caught by the neck and almost strangled; or unable to keep off the fearful visitant who lies on their breast, they decline very rapidly, and after their death become themselves vampires, and so on without end, until, by some forcible measures, the fearful terror is dispelled.

According to this superstition, which prevails in Poland and Western Prussia, the ability to become a vampire is given with the so-called Fortunatus' cap, which in all ages and among all people has been regarded as an emblem of prosperity. Such vampire candidates are said to be somewhat dictatorial and avaricious. The principal sign, it is believed, is to be found in the corpse. The face retains its color; the blood flows freely; the stiffness and offensiveness of dead bodies are entirely absent, as though the person were in a trance.

There are various methods adopted by these superstitious people for destroying the vampire; some mild, others more severe. One is to turn the dead body in the coffin with the face downward. Another is to drive a wooden stake through the breast, and further, to cut off the head and lay it, face downward, between the legs. While the body is thus horribly treated, the people declare that groans are heard and wild laughter from the mouth of the vampire. In some cases the body is burned to ashes.

After Anton Von Poblocki's death, and his mother and sister were taken sick, the family determined to resort to the severest measures of relief, the execution of which devolved on the second son, Joseph, who was now the head of the family. The same operation was to be performed on the father on the night before the son's funeral.

Joseph Von Poblocki, with this view, went the day before to the grave-digger of the place, and offered him a round sum of money if he would dig the grave for his brother so near to his father's that they could, without much trouble, break through the separating earth, and open the coffin of the supposed vampire.

The grave-digger consented to do this, but first consulted the pastor of the village church. The worthy clergyman forbade his taking any part in such a desecration, and ordered him to dig the grave as usual. He also set a watch on the night before the funeral. The watchman was, however, careless, and the men were not disturbed until they had accomplished their purpose.

Joseph and his assistants were tried for their act of desecration, and were found guilty by the District Court. This sentence was reversed by the Court of Appeals, but the verdict was set aside by the Superior Court, and the case sent back to be tried again by the tribunal of the district. The trial was protracted through two years, but all the parties were finally acquitted on the insufficient ground that they meant no wrong.

If now we ask for the origin of this strange and horrible superstition, we shall probably find it in the ancient doctrine that the souls of the dead pass into the bodies of other animals—a doctrine still held by the Hindoos. There is a bat in South America which sometimes sucks the blood of animals, and if this species once existed in Europe, it may have given rise to the belief that the dead sometimes rise from their graves and nourish themselves on the blood of the living. The wonder is that the superstition should still maintain its ground in this age of almost universal education and of scientific inquiry.

A High Forehead.

The Milwaukee Sentinel tells an amusing story at the expense of one of the Wisconsin State officials. It is to the effect that this functionary called upon a photographer to enlist his aid in handing his features down to posterity. A sitting was had, and the negative produced. The artist pronounced it a triumphant success, but it did not seem to meet the approval of the sitter, who said that he would call again in a few days. When he repeated his visit the photographer observed a change in his appearance which he found it impossible at first to account for, but while placing his head in the rest and giving it the right poise, he had a revelation—the forehead had expanded upward, and it appears that a razor had assisted the development.

THE SANDS OF DEE.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee."
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land;
And never home came she.

"Oh! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
A tress of golden hair,
A drowned maiden's hair,
Above the nets at sea?"
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes at Dee?

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea.
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
Across the sands of Dee.

THE CREMATION MOVEMENT.

SINGULAR TESTAMENT DIRECTING ITS ADOPTION.

One of the wealthiest persons in New York, after reading a suggestion in the Manufacturer and Builder that the most useful thing to be done with dead bodies of men and animals, is to make gas of them and use the remainder for fertilizing purposes, has made the following codicil to a testament drawn up long ago, and bequeathing all the profits to public useful purposes. The codicil reads thus:

"Not wishing that my body, after death, shall add to the injury produced by poisonous effluvia diffused from cemeteries among their surroundings, I direct that the unavoidable dissolution of my remains into gaseous and earthy matters, shall be hastened by cremation, instead of being retarded by burial, thus utilizing its material directly for the vegetable kingdom, to which we all must once furnish food, and at the same time guarding myself against the awful possibility of resurrection in a closed and buried coffin. The ancients, in burning the bodies of their dead, supposed that the so-called soul or spirit ascended to Heaven with the flames. Chemistry has taught us in our century that something more real ascends, namely, different gases, especially divers carbon compounds, which may at once be utilized and that the remaining ashes may be kept separate and prevented from being mixed with those of the fuel by the details prescribed in this will, namely: I direct that my remains, after manifesting the only sure sign of death, greenish discoloration of the abdomen, may be subject to an autopsy by some professors of the medical department of the University of New York, if they think that it may be useful for the progress of science. My remains shall then be injected with petroleum, cresilic alcohol, or its disinfecting equivalents, be laid in a metallic (iron) coffin, as small as practicable, and a burial service held at my residence, presided over by the Rev. Dr. ——, or ——, or any other enlightened clergyman. Immediately after the close of said service, the hearse, conveying the coffin with my remains, shall proceed to the Manhattan Gas Works, where the lid shall be removed, and with due solemnity be placed in one of the retorts, and the same closed for the space of three or four hours, the usual heat applied, so that all the moisture and gaseous ingredients may be driven off, partially condensed, passed through the purifiers, while the nitrogenized compounds will be collected as ammonia as usual, and the hydro-carbons add their share to the duty of illuminating the city. The retort shall then be opened so as to admit air to the heated matter, in order to burn as much as possible of the carbon remaining into carbonic acid escaping. If any respectable party or association expresses a desire to preserve my ashes, they shall be placed in an urn, or other substantial vessel, and delivered to the same. If no such desire is expressed, I direct that my ashes shall be delivered to the Central Park Commissioners, to be used as fertilizing material on one of the flower-beds near the music stand, in the Central Park. The president, vice-president, and secretary of the New York Liberal Club are herewith appointed as executors to see that this part of my will be duly fulfilled."

FORGETFULNESS OF WORDS.

Dr. Abercrombie records an instance of a gentleman who uniformly called his snuff-box a hogshead. When reminded of the error he probably recognized it, but his tendency was, nevertheless, in this direction. His physician hypothetically traced the oddity to an early and long-continued association of ideas. The gentleman had been a tobacco merchant in Virginia, and had had his attention well occupied with hogsheads of tobacco and boxes of snuff. This may not be a sufficient explanation, but it was the only one that suggested itself, as he made no similar blunder with other words. Certainly a greater difficulty was presented by the gentleman who always called coals paper and paper coals, systematically, as it would appear, transposing the meanings of the two words. Both substances, it is true, are used in lighting a fire; but this fact does not suffice to solve the puzzle.

An inability to remember the names of things sometimes presents itself in a remarkable way: A gentleman engaged in extensive agricultural affairs could not remember the spoken names of things, but recognized them directly when written. He arranged his daily duties accordingly, with a degree of success that could hardly be expected under such circumstances. He kept before him in his business-room a list of the words which were most likely to occur in his intercourse with his workmen. When any one of his men wished to communicate with him on any subject, the master listened attentively to what was said; the sound of the words did not convey to his mind the idea of the things or the commodities signified, but it did suggest to him written words which he, therefore, proceeded to consult; the sight of the letters forming those words at once gave him the necessary clue to the meaning. The process was noteworthy; the sound of a word, when spoken, suggested the shape of the word when written, and this shape suggested the idea or mental picture of the thing signified. This appears to have been a permanent peculiarity of mind, or, at least, of long continuance, unconnected with any particular malady. In another case, which came under the notice of Dr. Gregory, a lady, consequent on an apoplectic fit, lost her memory of names, but retained it for things. Although a good housewife, she could only direct her servants and tradespeople by pointing to the things concerning which she meant to speak. All went on well in regard to the other words of the sentence, but when she came to the names of things memory failed her, and she could only convey her meaning by pointing.

FREE PLATFORM.

INTEMPERANCE, BAD WATER, ETC.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I am obliged to you for your permission to reply at similar length to Mr. Horace Greeley's article, published last week, but really see no necessity for extending my remarks beyond the usual limit.

I am no friend of Intemperance or of Drunkenness—and have simply raised the question whether Prohibitory Laws are, in the first place, effective; and, secondly, whether, if they are, they do not attain their end at too serious a cost to the other virtues and to Personal Freedom.

A Committee of the Massachusetts legislature has recently reported (minority report) that Massachusetts has more liquor saloons in proportion to population than any other New England State; pays the United States thirty per cent. more liquor taxes, and has more intemperance. This, taken in conjunction with Dio Lewis's recent statement that Boston has more liquor-saloons, in proportion to population, than Louisville, Ky., notwithstanding Massachusetts has had prohibitory laws for the last twenty years, seems to prove pretty clearly that those laws do not always work very effectively.

Relative to bad water, which is a prevalent source of disease and death, Mr. W. V. S. Beekman, of Saugerties, N. Y., says in the New York Tribune:

In the reports of addresses delivered before various dairymen's associations this winter, I have noticed that some of the speakers laid great stress upon the importance of *pure water* for milch cows. Though recognizing this as true, in a general way, it was impressed upon my mind this winter in a most decided manner. During the extremely wet weather in December my butter had a very disagreeable smell and flavor, and for more than a week all efforts to discover the cause were unavailing. Cream from the morning's milk was unaffected; this led me to conclude that it must be something eaten or drank by the cows in the early part of the day that spoiled the evening's milk. As the food was the same through the day, the trouble must of necessity arise from bad water. The cows were then driven to a brook running through the pasture. Much to my satisfaction the next churning was all right again. Evidently a vein of bad water had found its way into the well from which my cows drink in winter, and spoiled the water. Since this experience I have, in driving through the neighborhood, noticed that many farms have wells in their barnyards; considerable manure is scattered about, and in wet weather the vile juice finds its way into the wells, especially if the soil is sandy. Can the milk drawn from cows which drink from these wells be healthful, or the butter good flavored? The source of many epidemic diseases has been traced to the use of tainted water. Not long since I read of an unusual mortality among little children, traced to their being fed upon impure milk. This is a subject of vast importance, and concerns the welfare of every household in the land.

We would suggest to all the Temperance societies through the land, to appoint standing committees to investigate the condition of the drinking water in their neighborhood, and thus find out, before insisting that every one should drink water alone, that the water was suitable for drinking purposes.

Apropos to this subject, Professor Buckman writes to the *Gardener's Chronicle* concerning the discovery of a microscopic fungus in water, the drinking of which was suspected of developing cases of typhoid fever. He examined the spout of the pump, and found a gelatinous matter, indicating drainage from a cess-pool. He detected this fungus in the water used by three families, suffering from typhoid fever, one of them his own.

A few words, before I close, relative to the wine used in Biblical times. That any sane man can doubt, after reading the account of Noah's drunkenness, and so much against the intemperate use of wine in the Scriptures, that the wine of that day was intoxicating, seems to me simply marvellous. If there was any general use of unfermented grape-juice, why did not the Saviour, or some one of the Apostles, expressly allude to it, and say this you may drink, that not. Certainly it was not because the Saviour was in the habit of drinking grape-juice that he was called a "wine-bibber"—the folly of such a charge would have been too apparent. And Peter, on the day of Pentecost, did not deny the habit of drinking "new wine"—but answered, "For these are not drunken, as ye suppose, seeing it is but the third hour of the day." And St. Paul would hardly have written to Timothy, that a Bishop must not be "given to *much* wine," if the wine the bishops were in the habit of drinking was simply unfermented grape-juice.

And, by the way, there seems to be no mode of keeping grape-juice from fermenting practised anywhere in the wine regions of Europe or Asia. Professor S. C. Baitell, D. D. says:

Passing through the whole breadth of Europe on one of its chief wine-growing belts, it seemed to me that this might be taken as a fair sample of the drinks which the people of any grape region will extract from the wine. I raised the question: "Do these communities use or know any drink bearing the name of wine which is not fermented, intoxicating drink?" It was perfectly manifest, even to the eye, that all the wines consumed by high and low were diffusible stimulants, stirring the blood, exciting the nerves, and flushing the cheeks. But it occurred to me, before leaving the Rhine, to test the question still more effectually, as my own practical reply to statements which I have heard and read about the use of "unfermented wines" in wine-growing countries. Accordingly, from that time I have made it a point at every principal stopping place to taste the people's wine—vin ordinaire—and occasionally other kinds at random. I have found that, while differing in astringency, sourness and flavor, the people's wine is invariably an alcoholic drink, apparently a little stronger than the strongest cider, which was formerly made in New England, from which, in some instances, the taste could scarcely be distinguished. And I have concluded that, if there be any practice of preserving the unfermented juice of the grape, or preserving the grapes to make it such, as the excellent Mr. Delavan found in one solitary instance in Italy, it is a practice kept profoundly secret. And, if there be any unfermented liquors sold and drank as "wines" in the region I have now travelled, they are liquors unknown to the hotels, the cafes, the restaurants, and the people who frequent them; and they are liquors not comprised in the vin ordinaire of the great vintage zone. Their existence is to me a secret undiscovered. I remember, too, that it was a thing which Dr. Eli Smith was unable, after long and careful inquiry, to discover in Palestine and Syria.

I have some doubts myself whether grape-juice is not too rich and cloying for a very healthful drink—or whether it can be preserved at all in its unfermented state, without the use of injurious drugs, and without taking the life and vitality from it. Experiments to delay the hardening of cider are generally not very successful—and the apple juice before it ferments, is to many people rather sickening. In fact, fermentation seems to me just as much a natural process as the growth of the apple or grape itself.

But enough. I understand that this article probably closes the present discussion, and I for one am willing to rest it here. NO FANATIC.

ON THE MOORLAND.

The heather was out on the hillside,
The bright beck went glittering by,
With its low murmured tune in the hot August noon,
Where we loitered, my darling and I.
High above us, the lark up in heaven
Sang shrilly and gladsome and clear,
As I whispered her low the old story we know,
That Eve breathed in Eden to hear.
And I sought for her 'mid the wild roses
That clustered and crept on the heath,
Buds whose hue was less rich than her lips were,
Whose scent was less sweet than her breath.

The heather is dead on the hillside;
The swollen beck, murky and brown,
Moans low as it sweeps to the great river's deeps
From the desolate dale and down;
The skylark lies still in the furrow,
The east wind wails bitter and keen,
The gaunt leafless trees stand like ghosts on the leas
Where the glory of harvest has been.
And I, O my darling, my darling,—
I, who loved, yet was helpless to save;
There is not a flower in brae or in bower
I can gather to strew on thy grave.

S. K. PHILLIPS.

SPANISH TRAITS.

The first thing you will notice as a leading characteristic of Spanish character, writes a correspondent, is its exceeding passionateness. Whether this may be due in any measure to the fiery sun of their climate or no, I cannot say. Many thoughtful men with whom I have conversed upon this subject believe that such is the case. But the fact remains. No race is so fiery as this. The rule with the Spaniards of the lower order is a word and a blow. It is, however, quite a mistake to suppose that the uneducated Spaniard is vindictive in nature—quite the reverse. His anger, soon up, is soon down again, and the insult under which he smarted forgotten, whether it has been avenged or no. The only safe way to deal with these men, when angry, is never to thwart, answer, argue with, or irritate them at the moment when their passion is boiling over. "Speak to an angry Spaniard fair," and very soon his anger will calm down, and he will become a rational being again. More than this—he will be willing and glad to acknowledge his fault, and shake hands and be on friendly terms again.

The Spaniard, again, is a man full of courage. But it is courage of a certain and peculiar kind, and his courage is made up of paradoxes. He is reckless of his own life, and will fight with an adversary far his superior in skill. He is a daring horseman, and a still more daring driver. In the bull-ring or personal combat, he shines for courage and adroitness; and yet, in some things he is strangely timid. As a soldier, in the ranks, he has been proved not to be always very plucky, by the experience of past warfare. But I account for this upon this theory, that, being only semi-civilized, the Spaniard, like all semi-barbarians, cannot rely upon his comrades. These men do not, in trading or in fighting, loyally and fully trust one another. Then, again, the presence of a brave and yet unarmed man—his mere voice and presence—will awe two or three armed Spaniards. Again, in illness he is very timid; once the foe has fairly got him in its grip, the Spaniard gives up hope, and gives himself up to, as he calls it, "his fate."

So, then, his courage is made up of paradoxes, and I account for the fact in this way, that the nation is really only semi-civilized, and shares the characteristics of other semi-civilized peoples. Like them, the Spaniard knows no reliance on his comrades en masse; like them, he knows nothing of combination as a secret of strength; like them, he has not the full and free and absolute trust in God as the defender of the right. Yet, as a soldier, the Spaniard's patience under privations is of no common order, and his exceeding endurance of hunger, thirst and nakedness would put to shame the endurance of an English infantry man.

I pass on to two bright spots in Spanish character—sobriety, and the politeness of all classes. The Spaniard, however ignorant, has naturally the manners and refined feeling of a gentleman. A rude speech, a laugh at a foreigner's expense, would be voted simply indecent by him. Should an Englishman so far forget himself as to become "drunk and incapable" in a Spanish town, I believe he would be politely carried home and his purse restored to his pocket. The Spaniard, again, is no drunkard; as he himself says, "I know when I have had enough."

How to Dress.

"What is it to be dressed properly?" There is a philosophy and propriety in this, as in anything else. First, we should not dress either too cold or too warm; nor should our attire be too heavy, too loose, or too tight-fitting; it should not be ill-fitting; it should not be flashy, affected, or above our means; it should not be odd—the aim should be to dress so as not to attract attention, unless for the appropriateness of the apparel. This excludes pride and the appearance of show, and presumes the mind has that to entertain it which is superior to the mere thought of clothes. Pitiful is that person who has no higher aim than the mere adornment of the body. We are to educate ourselves in this, as in other things, not as mere fashion may dictate, or this or that one suggest, but as the reasonable requirements of the case may justify. Philosophy (good sense) must be applied, so that a man may wear his coat as the quadruped wears his, naturally, gracefully, and for the service and protection it affords him. So a lady may imitate a bird, if she is bird-like, even to its flashing plumage, or the more simple beauty of the flowers; but let it be, as in the case of the flowers, the birds, and the quadrupeds, without ostentation.

A Parisian Novelty.

A novelty has been introduced at Parisian dinner tables which we might copy with advantage. This is to have on the back of the bill of fare a short biographical notice of the persons who compose the company. This is a very good idea, for there can be no one who has not undergone the discomfort of saying the wrong thing to the wrong person—laughing at "the man with the teeth," to his wife, and being exceedingly facetious about "the lady with the shoulders" to her son. In the "Life of Dickens" there are two instances of this—in one of which Dickens talked to a young lady whom he took down to dinner about the Bishop of Durham's nepotism in the matter of Mr. Cheese, and found out afterward that she was Mrs. Cheese; in the other he expatiated to the member from Marylebone, Lord Fermoy, generally conceiving him to be an Irish member, on the contemptible character of the Marylebone constituency and Marylebone representation.

☞ An European correspondent tells us that, according to the etiquette of some courts, when a princess or other lady of royal birth wishes to dance, she sends an invitation to any of the gentlemen present to dance with her, it not being considered proper, unless the gentleman is of equally distinguished birth, for him to ask the lady. American ladies would probably like the custom to become universal.

WIT AND HUMOR.

THE LITERAL BOY IN THE BLUE-COAT SCHOOL.

Among the scholars when Lamb and Coleridge attended was a poor clergyman's son, by the name of Simon Jennings. On account of his dismal and gloomy nature, his playmates had nicknamed him Pontius Pilate. One morning he went up to the master, Dr. Boyer, and said, in his usual whimpering manner: "Please, Dr. Boyer, the boys call me Pontius Pilate." If there was one thing old Boyer hated more than a false quantity in Greek and Latin, it was the practice of nicknaming. Rushing down among the scholars from his pedestal of state, with cane in hand, he cried, with his usual voice of thunder:

"Listen, boys. The next time I hear any of you say 'Pontius Pilate' I'll cane you as long as this cane will last. You are to say 'Simon Jennings,' and not 'Pontius Pilate.' Remember that, if you value your hides." Having said this, Jupiter Tonans remounted Olympus, the clouds still hanging on his brow.

Next day, when the same class were reciting the Catechism, a boy of a remarkably dull and literal turn of mind had to repeat the creed. He had got as far as "suffered under," and was about popping out the next word, when Boyer's prohibition flashed upon his obtuse mind. After a moment's hesitation he blurted out: "Suffered under Simon Jennings, orucl—" The rest of the word was never uttered, for Boyer had already sprung like a tiger upon him, and the cane was descending upon his unfortunate shoulders like a Norwegian hail-storm or an Alpine avalanche. When the irate doctor had discharged his cane storm upon him, he cried: "What do you mean, you booby, by such blasphemy?" "I only did as you told me," replied the simple-minded Christ-churchian. "Did as I told you?" roared old Boyer, now wound up to something above the boiling point. "What do you mean?" As he said this he again instinctively grasped his cane more furiously. "Yes, doctor, you said we were always to call 'Pontius Pilate,' 'Simon Jennings.' Didn't he, Sam?" appealed the unfortunate culprit to Coleridge, who was next to him. Sam said naught; but old Boyer, who saw what a dunce he had to deal with, cried: "Boy, you are a fool. Where are your brains?" Poor Doctor Boyer for a second time was floored, for the scholar said, with an earnestness that proved its truth, but to the intense horror of the learned potentate: "In my stomach, sir." The doctor always respected that boy's stupidity ever after, as though half afraid that a stray blow might be unpleasant.

IN THE REAR.

The negro has mother-wit, but it is seldom developed save in the form of drollery. Of that wit which enables a man to excel in repartee the African race possesses little, but now and then one perpetrates a witty rejoinder not unworthy the Celtic Curran. For instance: Just after the battle of Gettysburg, an officer who was badly wounded in that memorable engagement reached his home in Hingham on sick-leave, bringing with him his colored servant, who was called Harry. This servant was for a time quite a village lion, and whenever he appeared at the post office or the apothecary shop, he was quickly surrounded by a crowd of people to whom he willingly rehearsed the story of the greatest battle of the rebellion. One day, when an unusually large number of people had gathered about Harry in the post office, he was induced without much difficulty to mount a chair and for the hundredth time to recount the incidents of the famous three days' struggle. It should be remembered that Hingham contained a goodly proportion of home-guards, as they were called, and when Harry reached the close of his narrative one of them spoke up:

"Look here, Pompey; you have had a good deal to say about the battle of Gettysburg, but you haven't told us where you were when the fight was raging?"

"Well, sah, I was holdin' hosses."

"Holding horses? Where were you holding horses?"

"In de rear, sah."

At this point another Hinghamite remarked:

"In the rear! There can be little doubt of that; and I guess it was a good way to the rear, too."

"Yes, sah," said Harry; "it was a good ways to de rear, but not so far to de rear as Hingham is!"

And after this sharp encounter Harry became a greater lion than ever.—*Boston Courier.*

THE WASHOE RIVERS.

The Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise says: It is a well-known peculiarity of our Washoe rivers that they sink into the earth. Each river empties into what is called its "sink," or lake. None of them get out of the State or empty into the sea. This curious fact was once curiously accounted for by a queer old fellow who made his home in the shadow of Mount Davidson. Said he, "the way it come about was in this wise: The Almighty, at the time He was creatin' and fashionin' this 'ere yearth, got along to this section late on Saturday evenin'. He had got through with all the great lakes, like Superior, Michigan, Huron, Erie and them; had made the Ohio, Missouri, and Mississippi rivers, and as a sort of wind-up, concluded to make a river that would beat anything He had done in that line. He started an' traced out Humboldt river, an' Truckee river, an' Carson river, an' Walker river, an' Reese river, an' all the other rivers, an' He was a leading of 'em along, calculatin' to bring 'em all together into one big boss river, an' then lead that off an' let it empty into the Gulf of Mexico or the Gulf of California, as might be most convenient; but as he was bringin' down and leadin' along His branches—Truckee, Humboldt, Carson, Walker, an' them—all at once it came on dark, an' not bein' able to carry out His plan, He just tucked the lower ends of the several streams inter the ground whar they war, and they 've stayed thar ever since."

A WASHINGTON STORY.

A late Washington story is that Mrs. Speaker Blaine had a difficulty with Mrs. Senator Sprague about a cook. Meeting at a dinner table, with only the Hon. Zach Chandler between them, Mrs. Sprague, leaning forward, said, "I am sorry, Mrs. Blaine, that we have anything disagreeable between us." The Hon. Zach was considerably embarrassed, never having heard the interesting story of the cook.

"WHAT makes your hair so white, grandpa?" inquired a little maiden. "I am very old, my dear. I was in the ark," says grandpa, with a laugh. "Oh!" the child rejoined. "Are you Noah?" "No; I am not Noah." "Are you Shem, then?" "No; I am not Shem." "Are you Ham?" "No; not even Ham." "Then you must be Japheth," impatiently said the child. "No; I'm not Japheth." "Then, grandpa, you must be a beast."

SANDALPHON, THE ANGEL OF PRAYER.

A LEGEND.

Down from Heaven, earthward reaching,
Stands the ladder Jacob saw,
Angels on its rounds beseeching,
Veil the face in holy awe.

Some from where the storm winds mutter,
Some from out the blazing fire,
Only one brief prayer they utter,
Then with failing breath expire.

But above these frail ones falling,
Fading ever from the sight,
Standeth one of holier calling,
Deathless as the stars of night.

'Tis Sandalphon, Blest position,
Just beside the pearly gates,
Happy to fulfil his mission,
Day and night he calmly waits.

They who wander, heavy laden,
They who mourn the loved and lost,
They who sigh for life's glad Aden
On the ocean tempest tost;

Kneel and pray amid their weeping,
And their prayers toward Heaven arise,
Sad and full of shadows creeping,
Mount they to the upper skies.

Tortured is each lip that moulds them,
With the grief of earthly hours,
In his hands Sandalphon folds them,
And they turn to fairest flowers.

Then in sheaves of beauty binding
Lays them there before the throne,
Ever thus our God reminding
Of the sorrows we have known.

Sweet the fancy; joy creating,
Were it true, this tale of ours.
But there is no angel waiting
Turning sad prayers into flowers.

Need we not Sandalphon keeping
Watch above the heavenly stairs;
God, whose eyes are never sleeping,
Hears and answers all our prayers.

SADIE BEATTY.

EAST LYNNE;

OR,

THE ELOPEMENT.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A NIGHT INVASION OF EAST LYNNE.

In one of the comfortable sitting-rooms of East Lynne sat Mr. Carlyle and his sister, one inclement January night. The contrast within and without was great. The warm, blazing fire, the handsome carpet on which it flickered, the exceedingly comfortable arrangement of the furniture, of the room altogether, and the light of the chandelier which fell on all, presented a picture of home peace, though it may not have deserved the name of luxury. Without, heavy flakes of snow were falling thickly, flakes as large and nearly as heavy as a crown piece, rendering the atmosphere so dense and obscure that a man could not see a yard before him. Mr. Carlyle had driven home in the pony carriage, and the snow had so settled upon him, even in that short journey, that Lucy, who happened to see him as he entered the hall, screamed out laughingly that her papa had turned into a white man. It was now later in the evening; the children were in bed, the governess was in her own sitting-room—it was not often that Miss Carlyle invited her to theirs in an evening—and the house was quiet. Mr. Carlyle was deep in the pages of one of the monthly periodicals; and Miss Carlyle sat on the other side of the fire, grumbling, and grunting, and sniffling, and choking.

Miss Carlyle was one of your strong-minded ladies, who never condescend to be ill. Of course, had she been attacked with scarlet fever, or paralysis, or St. Vitus's dance, she must have given in to the enemy; but trifling ailments, such as headache, influenza, sore throat, which other people get, passed her by. Imagine, therefore, her exasperation at finding her head stuffed up, her chest sore, and her voice going; in short, at having, for once in her life, caught a cold like ordinary mortals.

"What's the time, I wonder?" she exclaimed.

Mr. Carlyle looked at his watch. "It is just nine, Cornelia."

"Then I think I shall go to bed. I'll have a basin of arrowroot or gruel, or some slop of that sort, after I'm in it. I'm sure I have been free enough all my life from requiring such sick dishes."

"Do so," said Mr. Carlyle. "It may do you good."

"There's one thing excellent for a cold in the head, I know. It's to double your flannel petticoat crossways, or any other large piece of flannel you may conveniently have at hand, and put it on over your nightcap. I'll try it."

"I would," said Mr. Carlyle, smothering an irreverent laugh.

She sat on five minutes longer, and then left, wishing Mr. Carlyle good-night. He resumed his reading; but another page or two concluded the article, upon which Mr. Carlyle threw the book on the table, rose and stretched himself, as if tired of sitting.

He stirred the fire into a brighter blaze, and stood on the hearth-rug. "I wonder if it snows still?" he exclaimed to himself.

Proceeding to the window, one of those opening to the ground, he drew aside the half of the warm crimson curtain. It all looked dull and dark outside. Mr. Carlyle could see little what the weather was, and he opened the window and stepped half out.

The snow was falling faster and thicker than ever. Not at that did Mr. Carlyle start with surprise, if not with a more unpleasant sensation; but at feeling a man's hand touch his, and at finding a man's face nearly in contact with his own.

"Let me come in, Mr. Carlyle, for the love of life! I see you are alone. I'm dead beat, and I don't know but I'm dogged also."

The tones struck familiarly on Mr. Carlyle's ear. He drew back mechanically, a thousand perplexing sensations overwhelming him, and the man followed him into the room—a white man, as Lucy had called her father. Aye, for he had been hours and hours on foot in the snow; his hat, his clothes, his eyebrows, his large whiskers, all were white. "Lock the door, sir," were his first words. Need you be told that it was Richard Hare?

Mr. Carlyle fastened the window, drew the heavy curtain across, and turned rapidly to lock the two doors—for there were two to the room, one of them leading into the adjoining one. Richard meanwhile took off his wet smock-frock—the old smock-frock of former memory—his hat, and his false black whiskers, wiping the snow from the latter with his hand.

"Richard," uttered Mr. Carlyle, "I am thunderstruck! I fear you have done wrong to come here."

"I cut off from London at a moment's notice," replied Richard, who was literally shivering with the cold. "I'm dogged, Mr. Carlyle, I am indeed. The police are after me, set on by that wretch, Thorn."

Mr. Carlyle turned to the sideboard and poured out a wine-glass of brandy. "Drink it, Richard; it will warm you."

"I'd rather have it in some hot water, sir."

"But how am I to get the hot water brought in? Drink this for now. Why, how you tremble!"

"Ah, a few hours outside in the cold snow is enough to make the strongest man tremble, sir; and it lies so deep in places that you have to come along at a snail's pace. But I'll tell you about this business. A fortnight ago I was at a cab-stand at the West End, talking to a cab-driver, when some drops of rain came down. A gentleman and lady were passing at the time, but I had not paid any attention to them. 'By Jove!' I heard him exclaim to her, 'I think we are going to have pepper. We had better take a cab, my dear.' With that, the man I was talking to swung open the door of his cab, and she got in—such a fair young lady, she was! I turned to look at him, and you might just have knocked me down with astonishment. Mr. Carlyle, it was the man, Thorn."

"Indeed!"

"You thought I might be mistaken in him that moonlight night, but there was no mistaking him in broad daylight. I looked him full in the face, and he looked at me. He turned as white as a cloth. Perhaps I did—I don't know."

"Was he well dressed?"

"Very. Oh, there's no mistaking his position. That he moves in the higher classes there's no doubt. The cab drove away, and I got up behind it. The driver thought boys were there, and turned his head and his whip, but I made him a sign. We didn't go much more than the length of a street. I was on the pavement before Thorn was, and looked at him again, and again he went white. I marked the house, thinking it was where he lived, and—"

"Why did you not give him into custody, Richard?"

Richard Hare shook his head. "And my proofs of his guilt, Mr. Carlyle? I could bring none against him—no positive ones. No, I must wait till I can get proofs to do that. He would turn round upon me now and swear my life away to render his secure, perhaps testify that he saw me commit the murder. Well, I thought I'd ascertain for certain what his name was, and that night I went to the house and got into conversation with one of the servants, who was standing at the door. 'Does Captain Thorn live here?' I asked him.

"'Mr. Westleby lives here,' said he; 'I don't know any Captain Thorn.'

"Then that's his name, thought I to myself. 'A youngish man, isn't he?' said I, 'very smart, with a pretty wife?'

"'I don't know what you call youngish,' he laughed, 'my master's turned sixty, and his wife's as old.'

"That checked me. 'Perhaps he has sons?' I asked.

"'Not any,' the man answered, 'there's nobody but their two selves.'

"So, with that, I told him what I wanted—that a lady and gentleman had alighted there in a cab that day, and I wished to know his name. Well, Mr. Carlyle, I could get at nothing satisfactory; the fellow said a great many had called there that day, for his master was just up from a long illness, and people came to see him."

"Is this all, Richard?"

"All! I wish it had been all. I kept looking about for him in all the best streets; I was half mad."

"Do you not wonder, if he is in this position of life and resides in London, that you have never dropped upon him previously?" interrupted Mr. Carlyle.

"No, sir; and I'll tell you why. I have been afraid to show myself in those better parts of the town, fearing I might meet with some I used to know at home, who would recognize me, so that I have kept mostly in obscure places; stables and such like. I had gone up to the West-End this day on a matter of business."

"Well, go on with your story."

"In a week's time I came upon him again. It was at night. He was coming out of one of the theatres, and I went up and stood before him.

"'What do you want, fellow?' he asked. 'I have seen you watching me before this.'

"'I want to know your name,' I said, 'that's enough for me at present.'

"He flew into a fierce passion, and swore that if ever he caught sight of me near him again, he would hand me over into custody. 'And, remember, men are not given into custody for watching others,' he significantly added. 'I know you, and if you have any regard for yourself, you'll keep out of my way.'

"He got into a private carriage as he spoke, and it drove away; I could see that it had a great coat-of-arms upon it."

"When do you say this was?"

"A week ago. Well, I could not rest; I was half mad, I say, and went about, still trying if I could not discover his name and who he was. I did come upon him, but he was walking quickly, arm-in-arm with—with another gentleman. Again I saw him, standing at the entrance to the betting-rooms, talking to the same gentleman; and his face turned savage—I believe with fear as much as anger—when he discerned me. He seemed to hesitate, and then—as if he acted in a passion—suddenly beckoned a policeman, pointed me out, and said something to him in a fast tone. That frightened me, and I slipped away. Two hours later, when I was in quite a different part of the town, in turning my head, I saw the same policeman following me. I bolted under the horses of a passing vehicle, down some turnings and passages, out into another street, and up beside a cabman who was on his box, driving a fare past. I reached my lodgings in safety, as I thought, but happening to glance into the street, there I saw the man again, standing opposite, and reconnoitring the house. I had gone home hungry, but this took all my hunger away from me. I opened the box where I keep my disguise, put it on, and got out by a back way. I have been pretty nearly ever since on my feet, reaching here; I only got a lift now and then."

"But, Richard, do you know that West Lynne is the very worst place you could have flown to? It has come to light that you were here before, disguised as a farm laborer."

"Who the deuce betrayed that?" interrupted Richard.

"I am unable to tell; I cannot even imagine. The rumor was rife in the place, and it reached your father's ears. That rumor may make people's wits sharper to know you in your disguise, than they otherwise might have been."

"But what was I to do? I was forced to come here first and get a little money. I shall fix myself in some other big town, far away from London; Liverpool or Manchester, perhaps; and see what employment I can get into, but I must have something to live upon till I can get it. I don't possess a penny piece," he added, drawing out his trousers pockets for the inspection of Mr. Carlyle. "The last coppers I had, three pence, I spent in bread and cheese and half a pint of beer at midday. I have been outside that window for more than an hour, sir."

"Indeed!"

"As I neared West Lynne, I began to think what I should do. It was no use me trying to catch Barbara's attention such a night as this; I had no money to pay for a lodging: so I turned off here, hoping I might, by good luck, drop upon you. There was a little partition in the window-curtain; it had not been drawn close; and through it I could see you and Miss Carlyle. I saw her leave the room; I saw you come to the window and open it, and then I spoke. Mr. Carlyle," he added after a pause, "is this life to go on with me forever?"

"I am deeply sorry for you, Richard," was the sympathizing answer. "I wish I could remedy it."

Before another word was spoken, the room door was tried, and then gently knocked at. Mr. Carlyle placed his hand on Richard, who was looking scared out of his wits.

"Be still; be at ease, Richard; no one shall come in. It is only Peter."

Not Peter's voice, however, but Joyce's was heard, in response to Mr. Carlyle's demand of who was there.

"Miss Carlyle has left her handkerchief down-stairs, sir, and has sent me for it."

"You cannot come in—I am busy," was the answer, delivered in a clear and most decisive tone.

"Who was it?" quivered Richard, as Joyce was heard going away.

"It was Joyce."

"What, is she here still? Has anything ever been heard of Afy, sir?"

"Afy was here herself, two or three months ago."

"Was she, though?" uttered Richard, beguiled for an instant from the thought of his own danger. "What is she doing?"

"She is in service as a lady's-maid. Richard, I questioned Afy about Thorn. She protested solemnly to me that it was not Thorn who committed the deed—that it could not have been he, for Thorn was with her at the moment of its being done."

"It's not true!" fired Richard. "It was Thorn."

"Richard, you cannot tell; you did not see it done."

"I know that no man could have rushed out in that frantic manner, with those signs of guilt and fear about him, unless he had been engaged in a bad deed," was Richard Hare's answer. "It could have been no one else."

"Afy declares he was with her," repeated Mr. Carlyle.

"Look here, sir, you are a sharp man, and folks say I am not, but I can see things, and draw my reasoning as well as they can, perhaps. If Thorn were not Hallijohn's murderer, why should he be persecuting me?—what would he care about me? And why should his face turn livid, as it has done, each time he has seen my eyes upon him? Whether he did commit the murder or whether he didn't, he must know that I did not, because he came upon me, waiting, as he was tearing from the cottage."

Dick's reasoning was not bad.

"Another thing," he resumed. "Afy swore at the inquest, that she was alone when the deed was done; that she was alone in the wood at the back of the cottage, and knew nothing about it till afterward. How could she have sworn she was alone, if Thorn was with her?"

The fact had entirely escaped Mr. Carlyle's memory in his conversation with Afy, or he would not have failed to point out the discrepancy, and to inquire how she could reconcile it. Yet her assertion to him had been most positive and solemn. There were difficulties in the matter which he could not reconcile.

"Now that I have got over my passion for Afy, I can see her faults, Mr. Carlyle. She'd no more stick at an untruth than I should stick—"

A most awful thundering at the room door—loud enough to bring the very house down. No officers of justice, searching for a fugitive, ever made a louder. Richard Hare, his face turned to chalk, his eyes starting, and his own light hair bristling up with horror, struggled into his wet smock-frock after a fashion, the tails up about his ears and the sleeves hanging, forced on his hat and his false whiskers, looked round in a bewildered manner for some cupboard or mouse-hole into which he might creep, and, seeing none, rushed to the fireplace and placed his foot on the fender. That he purposed an attempt at chimney-climbing was evident, though how the fire would have agreed with his pantaloons, not to speak of what they contained, poor Dick appeared completely to ignore. Mr. Carlyle drew him back, keeping his calm, powerful hand upon his shoulder, while certain sounds in an angry voice were jerked through the keyhole.

"Richard, be a man; put aside this weakness, this fear. Have I not told you that harm shall not come near you in my house?"

"It may be that officer man from London; he may have brought half a dozen more with him," gasped the unhappy Richard. "I said they might have dogged me all the way here."

"Nonsense. Sit you down, and be at rest. It is only Cornelia; and she will be as anxious to shield you from danger as I can be."

"Is it?" cried the relieved Richard. "Can't you make her keep out?" he continued, his teeth still chattering.

"No, that I can't, if she has a mind to come in," was the candid answer. "You remember what she was, Richard; she is not altered."

Knowing that to speak on this side the door to his sister, when she was in one of her resolute moods, would be of no manner of use, Mr. Carlyle opened the door, dexterously swung himself through it, and shut it after him. There she stood; in a towering passion, too.

It had struck Miss Carlyle, while undressing, that certain sounds, as of talking, proceeded from the room underneath, which she had just quitted. She possessed a remarkable keen sense of hearing, did Miss Carlyle; though, indeed, none of her faculties lacked the quality of keenness. The servants, Joyce and Peter excepted, would not be convinced but that she must "listen;" but, in that, they did her injustice. First of all, she believed her brother must be reading aloud to himself; but she soon decided otherwise. "Who on earth has he got in there with him?" quoth Miss Carlyle.

She rang her bell; Joyce answered it.

"Who is it that is with your master?"

"Nobody ma'am."

"But I say there is. I can hear him talking."

"I don't think anybody can be with him," persisted Joyce. "And the walls of this house are too well built, ma'am, for sounds from the down-stairs rooms to penetrate here."

"That's all you know about it," cried Miss Carlyle. "When talking goes on in that room, there's a certain sound given out which does penetrate here, and which my ears have grown accustomed to. Go and see who it is. I believe I left my handkerchief on the table; you can bring it up."

Joyce departed, and Miss Carlyle proceeded to take off her things; her dress first, her silk petticoat next. She had arrived as far as the flannel petticoat when Joyce returned.

"Yes, ma'am, some one is talking with master. I could not go in, for the door was bolted, and master called out that he was busy."

Food for Miss Carlyle. She, feeling sure that no visitor had come to the house, ran her thoughts rapidly over the members of the household, and came to the conclusion that it must be the governess, Miss Manning, who had dared to closet herself with Mr. Carlyle. This unlucky governess was pretty, and Miss Carlyle had been cautious to keep her and her prettiness very much out of her brother's sight; she knew the attraction he would present to her visions, or to those of any other unprovided-for governess. Oh, yes; it was Miss Manning; she had stolen in; believing she, Miss Carlyle, was safe for the night; but she'd just unearth my lady. And what in the world could possess Archibald—to lock the door!

Looking round for something warm to throw over her shoulders, and catching up an article that looked as much like a green baize table-cover as anything else, and throwing it on, down stalked Miss Carlyle. And in this trim Mr. Carlyle beheld her when he came out.

The figure presented by Miss Carlyle to her brother's eyes was certainly ridiculous enough. She gave him no time to comment upon it, however, but instantly and curtly asked—

"Who have you got in that room?"

"It is some one on business," was his prompt reply. "Cornelia, you cannot go in."

She very nearly laughed. "Not go in!"

"Indeed it is much better that you should not. Pray go back. You will make your cold worse, standing here."

"Now, I want to know whether you are not ashamed of yourself?" she deliberately pursued. "You! a married man, with children in your house! I'd rather have believed anything downright wicked of myself, than of you, Archibald."

Mr. Carlyle stared considerably.

"Come; I'll have her out. And out of this house she tramps to-morrow morning. A couple of audacious ones, to be in there with the door locked, the moment you thought you had got rid of me! Stand aside, I say, Archibald; I will enter."

Mr. Carlyle never felt more inclined to laugh. And, to Miss Carlyle's exceeding discomposure, she, at this juncture, saw the governess emerge from the gray parlor, glance at the hall clock, and retire again.

"Why! she's there!" she uttered. "I thought she was with you."

"Miss Manning locked in with me! Is that the mare's nest, Cornelia? I think your cold must have obscured your reason."

"Well, I shall go in, all the same. I tell you, Archibald, that I will see who is there."

"If you persist in going in, you must go. But allow me to warn you that you will find tragedy in that room, not comedy. There is no woman in it; but there is a man; a man who came in through the window, like a hunted stag; a man upon whom a ban is set, and who fears the police are upon his track. Can you guess his name?"

It was Miss Carlyle's turn to stare now. She opened her dry lips to speak, but they closed again.

"It is Richard Hare, your kinsman. There's not a roof in the wide world open to him this bitter night.

She said nothing. A long pause of dismay, and then she motioned to have the door opened.

"You will not show yourself in—in that guise?"

"Not show myself in this guise to Richard Hare?—whom I have whipped—when he was a chub—ten times in a day: Stand on ceremony with him! I dare say he looks no better than I do. But it's nothing short of madness, Archibald, for him to come here."

He left her to enter, telling her to look the door as soon as she was inside, and went himself into the adjoining room, the one which, by another door, opened to the one Richard was in. There he rang the bell. It was answered by a footman.

"Send Peter to me."

"Lay supper here, Peter, for two," began Mr. Carlyle, when the old servant appeared. "A person is with me on business. What have you in the house?"

"There's the spiced beef, sir; and there are some home-made raised pork-pies."

"That will do," said Mr. Carlyle. "Put a quart of ale on the table, and everything likely to be wanted. And then the household can go to bed; we may be late, and the things can be removed in the morning. Oh—and Peter—none of you must come near the rooms, this or the next, under any pretence whatever, unless I ring, for I shall be too busy to be disturbed."

"Very well, sir. Shall I serve the ham also?"

"The ham?"

"I beg pardon, sir; I guessed it might be Mr. Dill, and he is so fond of our hams."

"Ah, you were always a shrewd guesser, Peter," smiled his master. "He is fond of ham, I know; yes, you may put it on the table. Don't forget the small kettle."

The consequence of which little finesse on Mr. Carlyle's part was, that Peter announced in the kitchen that Mr. Dill had arrived, and supper was to be served for two. "But what a night for the old gentleman to have trudged through on foot!" ejaculated he.

"And what a trudge he'll have of it back again, for it'll be worse then!" chimed in one of the maids.

When Mr. Carlyle got back to the other room, his sister and Richard Hare had scarcely finished staring at each other.

"Please lock the door, Miss Cornelia," began poor shivering Dick.

"The door's locked," snapped she. "But what on earth brought you here, Richard! You must be worse than mad."

"The Bow-street officers were after me in London," he meekly responded, unconsciously using a term which had been familiar to his boyish years. "I had to cut away without a thing belonging to me; without so much as a clean shirt."

"They must be polite officers, not to have been after you before," was the consolatory remark of Miss Carlyle. "Are you going to dance a hornpipe through the streets of West Lynne to-morrow, and show yourself openly?"

"Not if I can help it," replied Richard.

"You might just as well do that, if you come to West Lynne at all; for you can't be here now without being found out. There was a bother about your having been here the last time; I should like to know how it got abroad."

"The life I lead is dreadful," cried Richard. "I might make up my mind to toil, though that's hard, after being reared a gentleman! but to be an exile, banned, disgraced, afraid to show my face in broad daylight amidst my fellow-men, in dread every hour that the sword may fall! I would almost as soon be dead, as continue to live it."

"Well, you have got nobody to grumble at; you brought it upon yourself," philosophically returned Miss Carlyle, as she opened the door to admit her brother. "You would go hunting after that brazen huzzy, Afy, you know, in defiance of all that could be said to you."

"That would not have brought it upon me," said Richard. "It was through that fiend's having killed Hallijohn; that was what brought the ban upon me."

"It's a most extraordinary thing, if anybody else did kill him, that the facts can't be brought to light," retorted Miss Carlyle. "Here you tell a cock-and-bull story of some man's having done it, some Thorn; but nobody ever saw or heard of him, at the time or since. It looks like a made-up story, Mr. Dick, to whiten yourself."

"Made up!" panted Richard, in agitation, for it seemed cruel to him, especially in his present frame of mind, to have a doubt cast upon his tale. "It is Thorn who is setting the officers upon me. I have seen him three or four times within the last fortnight."

"And why did you not turn the tables, and set the officers upon him?" demanded Miss Carlyle.

"Because it would lead to no good. Where's the proof, save my bare word, that he committed the murder?"

Miss Carlyle rubbed her nose.

"Dick Hare," said she.

"Well?"

"You know you always were the greatest natural that ever was let loose out of leading strings."

"I know I was always told so."

"And it's what you always will be. If I were accused of committing a crime, which I knew another had committed, and not myself, should I be such an idiot as not to give that other into custody, if I got the chance? If you were not in such a cold, shivery, shaky state, I would treat you to a bit of my mind; you may rely upon that."

"He was in league with Afy at that period," pursued Richard; "a deceitful, bad man; and he carries it in his countenance. And he must be in league with her still, if she asserts that he was in her company at the moment the murder was committed. Mr. Carlyle says she does; that she told him so the other day, when she was here. He never was; and it was he, and no other, who did the murder."

"Yes," burst forth Miss Carlyle, for the topic was sure to agitate her, "that Jezebel of brass did presume to come here! She chose her time well, and may thank her lucky stars I was not at home. Archibald—he's a fool, too, quite as bad as you are, Dick Hare, in some things—actually suffered her to lodge here for two days. A vain, ill-conducted hussy, given to nothing but finery and folly!"

"Afy said that she knew nothing of Thorn's movements now, Richard, and had not for some time," interposed Mr. Carlyle, allowing his sister's compliment to pass in silence. "She heard a rumor, she thought, that he had gone abroad with his regiment."

"So much the better for her, if she does know nothing of him, sir," was Richard's comment. "I can answer for it that he is not abroad, but in England."

"And where are you going to lodge to-night?" abruptly spoke Miss Carlyle, confronting Richard.

"I don't know," was the broken-spirited answer, sighed forth. "If I lay myself down in a snow-drift, and am found frozen in the morning, it won't be of much moment."

"Was that what you thought of doing?" returned Miss Carlyle.

"No," he mildly said. "What I thought of doing was to ask Mr. Carlyle for the loan of a few shillings, and then I can get a bed. I know a place where I shall be in safety, two or three miles from this."

"Richard, I would not turn a dog out to pass two or three miles on such a night as this," impulsively uttered Mr. Carlyle. "You must stop here."

"Indeed I don't see how he is to get up to a bedroom, or how a room is to be made ready for him, for the matter of that, without betraying his presence to the servants," snapped Miss Carlyle. And poor Richard laid his aching head upon his hands.

But now Miss Carlyle's manner was more in fault than her heart. Will it be believed that, before speaking the above ungracious words, before Mr. Carlyle had touched upon the subject, she had been casting about in her busy mind for the best plan of sleeping Richard—how it could be accomplished.

"One thing is certain," she resumed, "that it will be impossible for you to sleep here without its being known to Joyce. And I suppose you and Joyce are upon the friendly terms of drawn daggers, for she believes you were the murderer of her father."

"Let me disabuse her," interrupted Richard, his pale lips working as he started up. "Allow me to see her and convince her, Mr. Carlyle. Why did you not tell Joyce better?"

"There's that small room at the back of mine," said Miss Carlyle, returning to the practical part of the subject. "He might sleep there. But Joyce must be taken in confidence."

"Joyce had better come in," said Mr. Carlyle. "I will say a word to her first."

He unlocked the door and quitted the room, Miss Carlyle as jealously looking it again; called to Joyce, and beckoned her into the adjoining apartment. He knew that Joyce's belief in the guilt of Richard Hare was confirmed and strong, but he must uproot that belief if Richard was to be lodged in his house that night.

"Joyce," he began, "you remember how thoroughly imbued with the persuasion you were, that Afy went off with Richard Hare, and was living with him. I several times expressed my doubts upon the point. The fact was, I had positive information that she was not with him, and never had been, though I considered it expedient to keep my information to myself. You are convinced now that she was not with him?"

"Of course I am, sir?"

"Well, you see, Joyce, that my opinion would have been worth listening to. Now I am going to shake your belief upon another point, and if I assure you that I have equally good grounds for doing so, you will believe me."

"I am quite certain, sir, that you would state nothing but what is true, and I know that your judgment is sound," was Joyce's answer.

"Then I must tell you that I do not believe it was Richard Hare who murdered your father."

"Sir!" uttered Joyce, amazed out of her senses.

"I believe Richard Hare to be as innocent of the murder as you or I," he deliberately repeated. "I have held grounds for this opinion, Joyce, for many years."

"Then, sir, who did it?"

"Afy's other lover. That dandy fellow, Thorn, as I truly believe."

"And you say you have grounds, sir?" Joyce asked, after a pause.

"Good grounds; and I tell you I have been in possession of them for years. I should be glad for you to think as I do."

"But, sir, if Richard Hare was innocent, why did he run away?"

"Ah, why, indeed! It is that which has done the mischief. His own weak cowardice was in fault. He feared to come back, and he felt that he could not remove the odium of circumstances. Joyce, I should like you to see him, and hear his story."

"There is not much chance of that, sir. I dare say he will never venture here again."

"He is here now."

Joyce looked up, considerably startled.

"Here, in this house," repeated Mr. Carlyle. "He has taken shelter in it, and for the few hours that he will remain, we must extend our hospitality and protection to him, concealing him in the best manner we can. I thought it well that this confidence should be reposed in you, Joyce. Come now and see him."

Considering that it was a subdued interview—the voices subdued, I mean—it was a confused one. Richard talking vehemently, Joyce asking question after question, Miss Carlyle's tongue going as fast as theirs. The only silent one was Mr. Carlyle. Joyce could not refuse to believe protestations so solemn, and her suspicions veered round upon Captain Thorn.

"And now about the bed," interjected Miss Carlyle, impatiently. "Where's he to sleep, Joyce? The only safe room, that I know of, will be the one through mine."

"He can't sleep there, ma'am. Don't you know that the key of the door was lost last week, and we cannot open it."

"So much the better. He'll be all the safer."

"But how is he to get in?"

"To get in! Why, through my room, of course. "Doesn't mine open to it, stupid?"

"Oh, well, ma'am, if you would like him to go through yours, that's different."

"Why shouldn't he go through? Do you suppose I mind young Dick Hare? Not I, indeed," she irascibly continued. "I only wish he was young enough for me to flog him as I used to, that's all. He deserves it as much as anybody ever did, playing the fool, as he has done, in all ways. I shall be in bed, with the curtains drawn, and his passing through won't harm me, and my lying there won't harm him. Stand on ceremony with Dick Hare! What next, I wonder."

Joyce made no reply to this energetic speech, but at once retired to prepare the room for Richard. Miss Carlyle soon followed. Having made everything ready, Joyce returned.

"The room is ready, sir," she whispered, "and all the household are in bed."

"Then now's your time, Richard. Good-night."

He stole up-stairs after Joyce, who piloted him through the room of Miss Carlyle. Nothing could be seen of that lady, though something might be heard—one given to truth, more than politeness, might have called it snoring. Joyce showed Richard his chamber, gave him the candle, and closed the door upon him.

Poor hunted Richard, good-night to you!

CHAPTER XXX.

BARBARA'S HEART AT REST.

Morning dawned. The same dull weather, the same heavy fall of snow. Miss Carlyle took her breakfast in bed, an indulgence she had not favored for ever so many years. Richard Hare rose, but remained in his chamber, and Joyce carried his breakfast in to him.

Mr. Carlyle entered whilst he was taking it. "How did you sleep, Richard?"

"I slept well. I was so dead tired. What am I to do next, Mr. Carlyle? The sooner I get away from this, the better. I can't feel safe."

"You must not think of it before evening. I am aware that you cannot remain here, save for a few temporary hours, as it would inevitably become known to the servants. And say you think of going to Liverpool or Manchester?"

"To any large town; they are all alike to me; but one pursued as I am is safer in a large place than a small one."

"I am inclined to think that this man, Thorn, only made a show of threatening you, Richard. If he be really the guilty party, his policy must be to keep all in quietness. The very worst thing that could happen for him would be your arrest."

"Then why molest me? Why send an officer to dog me?"

"He did not like your molesting him, and he thought he would probably frighten you. After that day you would probably have seen no more of the officer. You may depend upon one thing, Richard; had the policeman's object been to take you, he would have done so; not have contented himself with following you about from place to place. Besides, when a detective officer is employed to watch a party, he takes care not to allow himself to be seen; now this man showed himself to you more than once."

"Yes, there's a good deal in all that," observed Richard. "For, to one in his class of life, the bare suspicion of such a crime, brought against him, would crush him forever in the eyes of his compeers."

"It is difficult to me, Richard, to believe that he is in the class of life you speak of," observed Mr. Carlyle.

"There's no doubt about it; there's none indeed. But that I do not much like to mention the name, for it can't be a pleasant name to you, I should have said last night who I have seen him walking with," continued simple-hearted Richard.

Mr. Carlyle looked inquiringly. "Richard, say on."

"I have seen him, sir, with Sir Francis Levison, twice. Once he was talking to him at the door of the betting rooms, and once they were walking arm-in-arm. They are apparently upon intimate terms."

At this moment, a loud, flustering, angry voice was heard calling from the stairs, and Richard leaped up as if he had been shot. His door—not the one leading to the room of Miss Carlyle—opened upon the corridor, and the voice sounded close, just as if its owner were coming in with a bound. It was the voice of Mr. Justice Hare.

"Carlyle, where are you? Here's a pretty thing happened! Come down."

Mr. Carlyle for once in his life lost his calm equanimity, and sprang to the door, to keep it against invasion as eagerly as Richard could have done. He forgot that Joyce had said the door was safely locked and the key mislaid. As to Richard, he rushed on his hat and his black whiskers, and hesitated between under the bed and inside the wardrobe.

"Don't agitate yourself, Richard," whispered Mr. Carlyle; "there is no real danger. I will go and keep him safely."

But when Mr. Carlyle got through his sister's bedroom, he found that lady had taken the initiative, and was leaning over the balustrades, having been arrested in the process of dressing. Her clothes were on, but her nightcap was not off; little cared she, however, who saw her nightcap.

"What on earth brings you up in this weather?" began she, in a tone of exasperation.

"I want to see Carlyle. Nice news I have had!"

"What about? Anything concerning Anne, or her family?"

"Anne be bothered," replied the justice, who was certainly, from some cause, in a furious temper. "It concerns that precious rascal, whom I am forced to call son. I am told he is here."

Down the stairs leaped Mr. Carlyle, four at a time, wound his arm within Mr. Hare's, and led him to a sitting-room.

"Good-morning, justice. You had courage to venture up through the snow! What is the matter? you seem excited."

"Excited!" raved the justice, dancing about the room, first on one leg, then on the other, like a cat upon hot bricks, "so would you be excited, if your life were worried out, as mine is, over a wicked scamp of a son. Why can't folks trouble their heads about their own business, and let my affairs alone? A pity but what he was hung, and the thing done with!"

"But what has happened?" questioned Mr. Carlyle.

"Why this has happened," retorted the justice, throwing a letter on the table. "The post brought me this just now—and pleasant information it gives."

Mr. Carlyle took up the note and read it. It purported to be from "a friend" to Justice Hare, informing that gentleman that his "criminal son" was likely to have arrived at West Lynne, or would arrive in the course of a day or so; and it recommended Mr. Hare to speed his departure from it, lest he should be "pounced upon."

"This letter is anonymous!" exclaimed Mr. Carlyle.

"Of course it is," stamped the justice.

"The only notice I should ever take of an anonymous letter would be to put it in the fire," cried Mr. Carlyle, his lip curling with scorn.

"But who has written it?" danced Justice Hare. "And is Dick at West Lynne?—that's the question."

"Now, is it likely that he would come to West Lynne?" remonstrated Mr. Carlyle. "Justice, will you pardon me, if I venture to give you my candid opinion?"

"The fool at West Lynne! running into the very jaws of death. By Jupiter! if I can drop upon him, I'll retain him in custody and make out a warrant for his committal! I'll have this everlasting bother over."

"I was going to give you my opinion," quietly put in Mr. Carlyle. "I fear, justice, you bring these annoyances upon yourself."

"Bring them upon myself!" ranted the indignant justice. "I? Did I murder Hallijohn?—did I fly away from the law? Am I in hiding, Beelzebub knows where? Do I take starts, right into my native parish, disguised as a laborer, on purpose to worry my own father? Do I write anonymous letters? Bring them upon myself, do I? That cobs all, Carlyle."

"You will not hear me out. It is known that you are much exasperated against Richard—"

"And if your son serves you the same when he is grown up, she'n't you be exasperated, pray?" fired Justice Hare."

"Do hear me. It is known that you are much exasperated, and that any allusion to him excites and annoys you. Now, my opinion is, justice, that some busybody is raising these reports, and writing these letters on purpose to annoy you. It may be somebody at West Lynne, very near to us, for all we know."

"That's all rubbish," peevishly responded the justice, after a pause. "It's not likely. Who'd do it?"

"It is very likely; but you may be sure they will not give us a clue as to the 'who.' I should put that letter in the fire, and think no more about it. That's the only way to serve them. A pretty laugh they have had in their sleeve, if it is anybody near, at seeing you wade up here through the snow this morning! They would know you were bringing the letter, to consult here."

The justice—in spite of his obstinacy, he was somewhat easily persuaded to different views of things, especially by Mr. Carlyle—let fall his coat-tails, which had been gathered in his arms, as he stood with his back to the fire, and brought down both his hands upon the table with force enough to break it.

"If I thought that," he spluttered, "if I could think it, I'd have the whole parish of West Lynne before me to-day, and commit them for trial."

"It's a pity but what you could," said Mr. Carlyle.

"Well, it may be, or it may not be, that that villain is coming here," he resumed. "I shall call in at the police station, and tell them to keep a sharp lookout."

"You will do nothing of the sort, justice," exclaimed Mr. Carlyle, almost in agitation. "Richard is not likely to make his appearance at West Lynne; but if he did, would you, his own father, turn the flood upon him? Not a man living but would cry shame upon you."

"I took an oath I'd do it," said the justice.

"You did not take an oath to go openmouthed to the police station, upon the receipt of any despicable anonymous letter, or any foolish report, to say, 'I have news that my son will be here to-day; look after him.' Nonsense, justice! let the police look out for themselves; but don't you set them on."

The justice growled, whether in assent or dissent, did not appear, and Mr. Carlyle resumed—

"Have you shown this letter to Mrs. Hare? or mentioned it to her?"

"Not I. I didn't give myself time. I had gone down to the front gate, to see how deep the snow lay in the road, when the postman came up; so I read it as I stood there. I went in for my coat and umbrella to come off to you, and Mrs. Hare wanted to know where I was going in such a hurry; but I did not satisfy her."

"I am truly glad to hear it," said Mr. Carlyle. "Such information as this could not fail to have a dangerous effect upon Mrs. Hare. Do not suffer a hint of it to escape you, justice; consider how much anxiety she has already suffered."

"It's partly her own fault. Why can't she drive the ill-doing boy from her mind?"

"If she could," said Mr. Carlyle, "she would be acting against human nature. There is one phase of the question which you may possibly not have glanced at, justice. You speak of delivering your son up to the law; has it ever struck you that you would be delivering up at the same time your wife's life?"

"Stuff!" said the justice.

"You would find it no 'stuff.' So sure as Richard gets brought to trial, whether through your means, or through any other, so sure will it kill your wife."

Mr. Hare took up the letter, which had lain upon the table, folded it, and put it in its envelope.

"I suppose you don't know the writing?" he asked of Mr. Carlyle.

"I never saw it before, that I remember. Are you returning home?"

"No. I shall go on to Beauchamp's and show him this, and hear what he says. It's not much farther."

"Tell him not to speak of it, then. Beauchamp's safe, for his sympathies are with Richard—oh, yes, they are, justice; ask him the question plainly if you like, and he will confess to it. I can tell you more sympathy goes with Richard than is acknowledged to you. But I would not show that letter to any one else than Beauchamp," added Mr. Carlyle, "neither would I speak of it."

"Who can have written it?" repeated the justice. "It bears, you see, the London post-mark."

"It is too wide a speculation to enter upon. And no satisfactory conclusion could come of it."

Justice Hare departed. Mr. Carlyle watched him down the avenue, striding under his umbrella, and then went up to Richard. Miss Carlyle was sitting with the latter then.

"I thought I should have died," spoke poor Dick. "I declare, Mr. Carlyle, my very blood seemed turned to water, and I thought I should have died with fright. Is he gone away, all safe?"

"He is gone, and it's all safe."

"And what did he want? What was it he had heard about me?"

Mr. Carlyle gave a brief explanation, and Richard immediately set down the letter as the work of Thorn.

"Will it be possible for me to see my mother this time?" he demanded of Mr. Carlyle.

"I think it would be highly injudicious to let your mother know that you are here, or have been here," was the answer of Mr. Carlyle. "She would naturally be inquiring into particulars, and when she came to hear that you were pursued, she would never have another minute's peace. You must forego the pleasure of seeing her this time, Richard."

"And Barbara?"

"Barbara might come and stay the day with you. Only—"

"Only what, sir?" cried Richard, for Mr. Carlyle had hesitated.

"I was thinking what a wretched morning it is for her to come out in."

"She would go through an avalanche, she'd wade through mountains of snow to see me," cried Richard eagerly, "and be delighted to do it."

"She always was a little fool," put in Miss Carlyle, jerking some stitches out of her knitting.

"I know she would," observed Mr. Carlyle, in answer to Richard. "We will try and get her here."

"She can arrange about the money I am to have, just as well as my mother could, you know, sir."

"Yes; for Barbara is in receipt of money of her own now, and I know she would not wish better than to apply some of it to you. Cornelia, as an excuse for getting her here, I must say to Mrs. Hare that you are ill, and wish Barbara to come for the day and bear you company. Shall I?"

"Say I am dead, if you like," responded Miss Corny, who was in one of her cross moods.

Mr. Carlyle ordered the pony carriage, and drove forth with John. He drew in at the Grove. Barbara and Mrs. Hare were seated together, and looked surprised at the early visit.

"Do you want Mr. Hare, Archibald? He is out. He went while the breakfast was on the table, apparently in a desperate hurry."

"I don't want Mr. Hare; I want Barbara. I have come to carry her off."

"To carry off Barbara!" echoed Mrs. Hare.

"Cornelia is not well; she has caught a violent cold and wishes Barbara to spend the day with her."

"Oh, Mr. Carlyle, I cannot leave mamma to-day. She is not well herself, and she would be dull without me."

"Neither can I spare her, Archibald. It is not a day for Barbara to go out."

How could he get to say a word to Barbara alone? Whilst he deliberated, talking on, though all the while to Mrs. Hare, a servant appeared at the sitting-room door.

"The fishmonger's boy is come up, ma'am. His master has sent him to say that he fears there'll be no fish in to-day, in anything like time. The trains won't get up, with this weather."

Mrs. Hare rose from her seat to hold a confab at the door with the maid; and Mr. Carlyle seized his opportunity.

"Barbara," he whispered, "make no opposition. You must come. What I really want you for is connected with Richard."

She looked up at him, a startled glance, and the crimson flew to her face. Mrs. Hare returned to her seat. "Oh, such a day!" she shivered. "I am sure Cornelia cannot expect Barbara."

"But Cornelia does. And there is my pony carriage waiting to take her before I go to the office. Not a flake of snow can come near her, Mrs. Hare. The large warm apron will be up, and an umbrella shield her bonnet and face. Get your things on, Barbara."

"Mamma, if you would not very much mind being left, I should like to go," said Barbara, with almost trembling eagerness.

"But you would be sure to take cold, child."

"Oh, dear no. I can wrap up well."

"And I will see that she comes home all right this evening," added Mr. Carlyle.

In a few minutes they were seated in the pony carriage. Barbara's tongue was burning to ask questions, but John sat behind them, and would have overheard. When they arrived at East Lynne, Mr. Carlyle gave her his arm up the steps, and took her into the breakfast-room.

"Will you prepare yourself for a surprise, Barbara?"

Suspense—fear—had turned her very pale.

"Something that has happened to Richard?" she uttered.

"Nothing that need agitate you. He is here."

"Here! Where!"

"Here. Under this roof. He slept here last night."

"Oh, Archibald!"

"Only fancy, Barbara, I opened the window at nine last night to look at the weather, and in burst Richard. We could not let him go out again in the snow, so he slept here, in that room next Cornelia's."

"Does she know of it?"

"Of course. And Joyce also; we were obliged to tell Joyce. It is he you have come to spend the day with. But just imagine Richard's fear? Your father came this morning, calling up the stairs after me, saying he heard Richard was here. I thought Richard would have gone out of his mind with fright."

A few more explanations, and Mr. Carlyle took Barbara into the room, Miss Carlyle and her knitting still keeping Richard company. In fact that was to be the general sitting-room of the day, and a hot lunch, Richard's dinner, would be served in Miss Carlyle's chamber at one o'clock, Joyce only admitted to wait on them.

"And now I must go," said Mr. Carlyle, after chatting a few minutes. "The office is waiting for me, and my poor ponies are in the snow."

"But you'll be sure to be home early, Mr. Carlyle!" said Richard. "I dare not stop here; I must be off not a moment later than six or seven o'clock."

"I will be home, Richard."

Anxiously did Richard and Barbara consult that day, Miss Carlyle of course putting in her word. Over and over again did Barbara ask the particulars of the slight interviews Richard had had with Thorn; over and over again did she openly speculate upon what his name really was.

"If you could but discover some one whom he knows, and inquire it," she exclaimed.

"I have seen him with one person—but I can't inquire of him. They are too thick together, he and Thorn, and are birds of a feather also, I suspect. Great swells, both."

"Oh, Richard, don't use those expressions. They are unsuited to a gentleman."

Richard laughed bitterly. "A gentleman!"

"Who is it you have seen Thorn with?" inquired Barbara.

"Sir Francis Levison," replied Richard, glancing at Miss Carlyle, who drew in her lips ominously.

"With whom?" uttered Barbara, betraying complete astonishment. "Do you know Sir Francis Levison?"

"Oh, yes, I know him. Nearly the only man about town that I do know."

Barbara seemed lost in a puzzled revery, and it was some time before she roused herself from it.

"Are they at all alike?" she asked.

"Very much so, I suspect. Both bad men."

"But I meant in person."

"Not in the least, except that they are both tall."

Again Barbara sank into thought. Richard's words had surprised her. She was aroused from it by hearing a child's voice in the next room. She ran into it, and Miss Carlyle immediately fastened the intervening door.

It was little Archibald Carlyle. Joyce had come in with the tray to lay the luncheon, and before she could lock the door, Archibald ran in after her. Barbara lifted him in her arms to carry him back to the nursery.

"Oh, you heavy boy," she exclaimed.

Archie laughed. "Wilson says that," he lisped, "if ever she has to carry me."

"I have brought you a truant, Wilson," cried Barbara.

"Oh, is it you, Miss Barbara? How are you, miss? Naughty boy!—yes; he ran away without my noticing him—he is got now that he can open the door."

"You must be so kind as to keep him strictly in for to-day," concluded Barbara, authoritatively. "Miss Carlyle is not well, and cannot be subjected to the annoyance of his running into the room."

Evening came, and the time of Richard's departure. It was again snowing heavily, though it had ceased in the middle of the day. Money for the present had been given to him; arrangements had been discussed. Mr. Carlyle insisted upon Richard's sending him his address, as soon as he should own one to send, and Richard faithfully promised. He was in very low spirits, almost as low as Barbara, who could not conceal her tears; they dropped in silence on her pretty silk dress. He was smuggled down the stairs, a large cloak of Miss Carlyle's enveloping him, into the room he had entered by storm the previous night. Mr. Carlyle held the window open.

"Good-bye, Barbara, dear. If ever you should be able to tell my mother of this day, say that my chief sorrow was not to see her."

"Oh, Richard!" she sobbed forth, broken hearted, "good-bye. May God be with you and bless you!"

"Farewell, Richard," said Miss Carlyle; "don't you be fool enough to get into any more scrapes."

Last of all he wrung the hand of Mr. Carlyle. The latter went outside with him for an instant, and their leave-taking was alone.

Barbara returned to the chamber he had quitted. She felt that she must indulge in a few moments' sobbing; Joyce was there, but Barbara was sobbing when she entered it.

"It is hard for him, Miss Barbara, if he is really innocent."

Barbara turned her streaming eyes upon her.

"If! Joyce, do you doubt that he is innocent?"

"I quite believe him to be so now, miss. Nobody could so solemnly assert what was not true. The thing at present will be to find that Captain Thorn."

"Joyce!" exclaimed Barbara, in excitement, seizing hold of Joyce's hands, "I thought I had found him; I believed, in my own mind, that I knew who he was. I don't mind telling you, though I have never before spoken of it; and with one thing or other, this night, I feel just as if I should die—as if I must speak. I thought it was Sir Francis Levison."

Joyce stared with all her eyes.

"Miss Barbara!"

"I did. I have thought it ever since the night that Lady Isabel went away. My poor brother was at West Lynne then—he had come for a few hours, and he met the man, Thorn, walking in Bean lane. He was in evening dress, and Richard described a peculiar motion of his, the throwing off of his hair from his brow; he said his white hand and his diamond ring glittered in the moonlight. The white hand, the ring, the motion—for he was always doing it—all reminded me of Captain Levison, and from that hour until to-day I believed him to be the man Richard saw. To-day Richard tells me that he knows Sir Francis Levison, and that he and Thorn are intimate. What I think now is, that this Thorn must have paid a flying visit to the neighborhood that night to assist Captain Levison in the wicked work that he had on hand."

"How strange it all sounds!" uttered Joyce.

"And I never could tell my suspicions to Mr. Carlyle! I did not like to mention Francis Levison's name to him."

Barbara soon returned down stairs.

"I must be going home," she said to Mr. Carlyle. "It is turned half-past seven, and mamma will be uneasy."

"Whenever you like, Barbara."

"But can I not walk? I am sorry to take out your ponies again, and in this storm."

Mr Carlyle laughed.

"Which would feel the storm worst, you or the ponies?"

But when Barbara got outside, she saw that it was not the pony carriage, but the chariot that was in waiting for her. She turned inquiringly to Mr. Carlyle.

"Did you think I should allow you to go home in an open carriage to-night, Barbara?"

"Are you coming also?"

"I suppose I had better," he smiled. "To see that you and the carriage do not get fixed in a rut."

Barbara withdrew to her corner of the chariot, and cried silently. Very, very deeply did she mourn the unhappy situation, the privations of her brother; and she knew that he was one to feel them deeply; he could not battle with the world's hardships so bravely as many could. Mr. Carlyle only detected her emotion as they were nearing the Grove. He leaned forward, took her hand, and held it between his.

"Don't grieve, Barbara. Bright days may be in store for us yet."

The carriage stopped.

"You may go back," he said to the servants when he alighted. "I shall walk home."

"Oh," exclaimed Barbara, "I do think you intend to spend the evening with us! Mamma will be so pleased."

Her voice sounded as if she was also. Mr. Carlyle drew her hand within his arm as they walked up the path.

But Barbara had reckoned without her host. Mrs Hare was in bed, consequently could not be pleased at the visit of Mr. Carlyle. The justice had gone out, and she, feeling tired and not well, thought she would retire to rest. Barbara stole into her room, but found her asleep; so that it fell to Barbara to entertain Mr. Carlyle.

They stood together before the large pier-glass, in front of the blazing fire. Barbara was thinking over the events of the day. What Mr. Carlyle was thinking of was best known to himself; his eyes, covered with their drooping eyelids, were cast upon Barbara. There was a long silence; at length Barbara seemed to feel that his gaze was on her, and she looked up at him.

"Will you marry me, Barbara?"

The words were spoken in the quietest, most matter-of-fact tone, just as if he had said, "Shall I give you a chair, Barbara?" But, oh! the change that passed over her countenance! the sudden light of joy; the scarlet flush of emotion and happiness. Then it all faded down to paleness and sadness.

She shook her head in the negative.

"But you are very kind to ask me," she added in words.

"What is the impediment, Barbara?"

Another rush of color as before, and a deep silence.

Mr. Carlyle stole his arm around her and bent his face on a level with hers.

"Whisper it to me, Barbara."

She burst into a flood of tears.

"Is it because I once married another?"

"No, no. It is the remembrance of that night—you cannot have forgotten it, and it is stamped on my brain in letters of fire. I never thought so to betray myself. But for what passed that night, you would not have asked me now."

"Barbara!"

She glanced up at him; the tone was so painful.

"Do you know that I love you? that there is none other in the whole world whom I would care to marry but you! Nay, Barbara, when happiness is within our reach, let us not throw it away upon a chimera."

She cried more softly, leaning upon his arm.

"Happiness! Would it be happiness for you?"

"Great and deep happiness," he whispered.

She read truth in his countenance, and a sweet smile illumined her sunny features. Mr. Carlyle read its signs.

"You love me as much as ever, Barbara?"

"Far more; far more," was the murmured answer; and Mr. Carlyle held her closer, and drew her face fondly to his. Barbara's heart was at length at rest; and she had been content to remain where she was forever.

And Richard? Had he got clear off? Richard was stealing along the road, plunging into the snow by the hedge because it was more sheltered there than in the beaten path, when his umbrella came in contact with another umbrella. Miss Carlyle had furnished it to him; not to protect his battered hat, but to protect his face from being seen by the passers-by. The umbrella he encountered was an aristocratic silk one, with an ivory handle; Dick's was of democratic cotton, with hardly any handle at all; and the respective owners had been bearing on, heads down and umbrellas out, till they, the umbrellas, met smash, right underneath a gas-lamp. Aside went the umbrellas, and the antagonists stared at each other.

"How dare you, fellow! Can't you see where you are going to?"

Dick thought he should have dropped. He would have given all the money his pockets held if the friendly earth had but opened and swallowed him in; for he now peering into his face was his own father.

Uttering an exclamation of dismay, which broke from him involuntarily, Richard sped away with the swiftness of an arrow. Did Justice Hare recognize the tones? It cannot be said. He saw a rough, strange-looking man, with bushy, black whiskers, who was evidently scared at the sight of him. That was nothing; for the justice, being a justice, and a strict one, was regarded with considerable awe in the parish by those of Dick's apparent calibre. Nevertheless, he stood still and gazed in the direction until all sound of Richard's footsteps had died away in the distance.

* * * * *

Tears were streaming down the face of Mrs. Hare. It was a bright morning after the snow storm, so bright that the sky was blue, and the sun was shining, but the snow lay deeply upon the ground. Mrs. Hare sat in her chair, enjoying the brightness, and Mr. Carlyle stood near her. The tears were of joy and grief mingled—of grief at hearing that she should at last have to part with Barbara, of joy that she was going to one so entirely worthy of her as Mr. Carlyle.

"Archibald, she has had a happy home here; you will render yours as much so?"

"To the very utmost of my power."

"You will be ever kind to her, and cherish her?"

"With my whole strength and heart. Dear Mrs. Hare; I thought you knew me too well to doubt me."

"Doubt you! I do not doubt you; I trust you implicitly, Archibald. Had the whole world laid themselves at Barbara's feet, I should have prayed that she might choose you."

A smile flitted over Mr. Carlyle's lips. He knew it was what Barbara would have done.

"But, Archibald, what about Cornelia?" resumed Mrs. Hare. "I would not for a moment interfere in your affairs, or in the arrangements you and Barbara may agree upon, but I cannot help thinking that married people are better alone."

"Cornelia will quit East Lynne," said Mr. Carlyle. "I have not spoken to her yet, but I shall do so now. I have long made my mind up that if ever I did marry again, I and my wife would live alone. It is said she interfered too much with my former wife. Had I suspected it, Cornelia should not have remained in the house a day. Rest assured that Barbara shall not be subject to the chance."

"How did you come over her?" demanded the justice, who had already given his gratified consent, and who now entered in his dressing-gown and morning wig. "Others have tried it on, and Barbara would not listen to any of them."

"I suppose I must have cast a spell upon her," answered Mr. Carlyle, breaking into a smile.

"Here she is. Barbara," cried the unceremonious justice, "what is it that you see in Carlyle more than anybody else?"

Barbara's scarlet cheeks answered for her. "Papa," she said, "Otway Bethel is at the door asking to speak to you. Jasper says he won't come in."

"Then I'm sure I'm not going out to him in the cold. Here, Mr. Otway, what are you afraid of?" he called out. "Come in."

Otway Bethel made his appearance in his usual sporting costume. But he did not seem altogether at his ease in the presence of Mrs. Hare and Barbara.

"The colonel wished me to see you, justice, and ask you if you had any objection to the meeting's being put off from one o'clock till two," cried he, after nodding to Mr. Carlyle. "He has got a friend coming to see him unexpectedly who will leave again by the two o'clock train."

"I don't care which it is," answered Mr. Hare. "Two o'clock will do as well as one for me."

"That's all right, then; and I'll drop in upon Herbert and Pinner and acquaint them."

* * * * *

Miss Carlyle's cold was better that evening, in fact she seemed quite herself again, and Mr. Carlyle introduced the subject of his marriage. It was after dinner that he began upon it.

"Cornelia, when I married Lady Isabel Vane, you reproached me severely with having kept you in the dark—"

"If you had not kept me in the dark, but consulted me, as any other Christian would, the course of events might have been wholly changed, and the wretchedness and disgrace that fell on this house been spared to it," fiercely interrupted Miss Carlyle.

"We will leave the past," he said, "and consider the future. I was about to remark, that I do not intend to fall under your displeasure again for the like offence. I believe you have never wholly forgiven it."

"And never shall," cried she, impetuously. "I did not deserve the slight."

"Therefore, almost as soon as I know it myself, I acquaint you. I am about to marry a second time, Cornelia."

Miss Carlyle started up. Her spectacles dropped off her nose, and a knitting-box which she happened to have on her knee clattered to the floor.

"What did you say?" she uttered, aghast.

"I'm about to marry."

"You!"

"I. Is there anything so very astonishing in it?"

"For the love of common sense, don't go and make such a fool of yourself! You have done it once; was that not enough for you, but you must run your head into the noose again?"

"Now, Cornelia, can you wonder that I do not speak to you of things when you meet them in this way? You treat me just as you did when I was a child. It is very foolish."

"When folks act childishly, they must be treated as children. I always thought you were mad when you married before, but I shall think you doubly mad now."

"Because you have preferred to remain single and solitary yourself, is it any reason why you should condemn me to do the same? You are happy alone; I should be happier with a wife."

"That she may go and disgrace you, as the last one did!" intemperately spoke Miss Carlyle, caring not a rush what she said in her storm of anger.

Mr. Carlyle's brow flushed, but he controlled his temper.

"No," he calmly replied. "I'm not afraid of that in the one I have now chosen."

Miss Corny gathered her knitting together; he had picked up her box. Her hands trembled, and the lines of her face were working. It was a blow to her as keen as the other had been.

"Pray who is it that you have chosen?" she jerked forth. "The whole neighborhood has been after you."

"Let it be who it will, Cornelia, you will be sure to grumble. Were I to say that it was a royal princess, or a peasant's daughter, you would equally see grounds for finding fault."

"Of course I should. I know who it is—that stuck-up Louisa Dobede."

"No, it is not. I never had the slightest intention of choosing Louisa Dobede; nor she of choosing me. I am marrying to please myself, and, for a wife, Louisa Dobede would not please me."

"As you did before," sarcastically put in Miss Corny.

"Yes; as I did before."

"Well, can't you open your mouth, and say who it is?" was the exasperated rejoinder.

"It is Barbara Hare."

"Who?" shrieked Miss Carlyle.

"You are not deaf, Cornelia."

"Well, you are an idiot!" she exclaimed, lifting up her hands and eyes.

"Thank you," he said, but without any signs of irritation.

"And so you are; you are, Archibald. To suffer that girl, who has been sneaking after you so long, to catch you at last."

"She has not angled after me; had she done so, she would probably never have been Mrs. Carlyle. Whatever passing fancy she may have entertained for me in earlier days, she has shown no symptoms of it of late years; and I am quite certain that she had no more thought, or idea, that I should choose her for my second wife, than you had that I should choose you. Others have angled after me too palpably, but Barbara has not."

"She is a little conceited minx; as vain as she is high."

"What else have you to urge against her?"

"I would have married a girl without a sixpence if I must have married," aggravatingly returned Miss Corny.

"Sixpence?"

"Sixpence, yes! Dear me, is it an honor—the possessing a brother such as Richard?"

"That is no slur upon Barbara. And time may come when it will be taken off Richard."

Miss Corny sniffed. "Pigs may fly; but I never saw them try at it."

"The next consideration, Cornelia, is about your residence. You will go back, I presume, to your own home."

Miss Corny did not believe her own ears. "Go back to my own home!" she exclaimed. "I shall do nothing of the sort. I shall stop at East Lynne. What's to hinder me?"

Mr. Carlyle shook his head. "It cannot be," he said in a low, decisive tone.

"Who says so?" she sharply asked.

"I do. Have you forgotten that night—when she went away—the words spoken by Joyce? Cornelia, whether they were true or false, I will not subject another to the chance."

She did not answer. Her lips only parted and closed again. Somehow Miss Carlyle could not bear to be reminded of that revelation of Joyce's; it subdued even her.

"I cast no reflection upon you," hastily continued Mr. Carlyle. "You have been mistress of a house for many years, and you naturally look to be so; it is right you should. But two mistresses in a house do not answer, Cornelia; they never did, and they never will."

"Why did you not give me so much of your sentiments when I first came to East Lynne?" she burst forth. "I hate hypocrisy."

"They were not my sentiments then; I possessed none. I was ignorant upon the subject, as I was upon many others. Experience has come to me since."

"You will not find a better mistress of a house than I have made you," she resentfully spoke.

"I do not look for it. The tenants leave your house in March, do they not?"

"Yes, they do," snapped Miss Corny.

"But as we are on the subject of details, of ways and means, allow me to tell you that if you did what is right, you would move into that house of mine, and I will go to a smaller—as you seem to think I shall poison Barbara if I remain with her. East Lynne is a vast deal too fine and too grand for you."

"I do not consider it so. I shall not quit East Lynne."

"Are you aware that, in leaving your house, I take my income with me, Archibald?"

"Most certainly. Your income is yours, and you will require it for your own purposes. I have neither right to, nor wish for it."

"It will make a pretty good hole in your income, the withdrawing of it, I can tell you that. Take care that you and East Lynne don't go bankrupt together."

At this moment the summons of a visitor was heard. Even that excited the ire of Miss Carlyle. "I wonder who's come bothering to-night?" she uttered.

Peter entered. "It is Major Thorn, sir. I have shown him into the drawing-room."

Mr. Carlyle was surprised. He had not thought Major Thorn within many a mile of West Lynne. He proceeded to the drawing-room.

"Such a journey!" said Major Thorn to Mr. Carlyle. "It is my general luck to get ill-weather when I travel. Rain and hail, thunder and heat; nothing bad comes amiss when I am out. The snow lay on the rails, I don't know how thick: at one station we were detained two hours."

"Are you purposing to make any stay at West Lynne?"

"Off again to-morrow. My leave, this time, is to be spent at my mother's. I may bestow a week of it or so on West Lynne, but am not sure. I must be back in Ireland in a month. Such a horrid bogbole we are quartered in just now!"

"To go from one subject to another," observed Mr. Carlyle; "there is a question I have long thought to put to you, Thorn, did we ever meet again? Which year was it that you were staying at Swainson?"

Major Thorn mentioned it. It was the year of Hallijohn's murder.

"As I thought—in fact, knew," said Mr. Carlyle. "Did you, while you were stopping there, ever come across a namesake of yours—one Thorn?"

"I believe I did. But I don't know the man of my knowledge, and I saw him but once only. I don't think he was living at Swainson. I never observed him in the town."

"Where did you meet with him?"

"At a road side beer-shop, about two miles from Swainson. I was riding one day, when a fearful storm came on, and I took shelter there. Scarcely had I entered, when another horseman rode up, and he likewise took shelter—a tall, dandified man, aristocratic and exclusive. When he departed—for he quitted first, the storm being over—I asked the people who he was. They said they did not know, though they often saw him ride by; but a man who was there, drinking, said he was a Captain Thorn. The same man, by the way, volunteered the information that he came from a distance; somewhere near West Lynne; I remember that."

"That Captain Thorn did?"

"No—that he, himself, did. He appeared to know nothing of Captain Thorn, beyond the name."

It seemed to be ever so! Scraps of information, but nothing tangible, nothing to lay hold of, or to know the man by. Would it be thus always?

"Should you recognize him again, were you to see him?" resumed Mr. Carlyle, awaking from his revery.

"I think I should. There was something peculiar in his countenance, and I remember it well yet."

"Were you by chance to meet him, and discover his real name—for I have reason to believe that Thorn, the one he went by then, was an assumed one—will you oblige me by letting me know it?"

"With all the pleasure in life," replied the major. "The chances are against it, though, confined as I am to that confounded sister country. Other regiments get the luck of being quartered in the metropolis, or near it; ours doesn't."

When Major Thorn departed, and Mr. Carlyle was about to return to the room where he left his sister, he was interrupted by Joyce.

"Sir," she began, "Miss Carlyle tells me that there is going to be a change at East Lynne."

The words took Mr. Carlyle by surprise. "Miss Carlyle has been in a hurry to tell you!" he remarked—a certain haughty displeasure in his tone.

"She did not speak for the sake of telling me, sir; it is not likely; but I fancy she was thinking about her own plans. She inquired whether I would go with her when she left, or whether I meant to remain at East Lynne. I could not answer her, sir, until I had spoken to you."

"Well?" said Mr. Carlyle.

"I gave a promise, sir, to—to—my late lady—that I would remain with her children as long as I was permitted. She asked it of me when she was ill—when she thought she was going to die. What I would inquire of you, sir, is, whether the change will make any difference to my staying?"

"No," he decisively replied. "I also, Joyce, wish you to remain with the children."

"It is well, sir," Joyce answered, and her face looked bright as she quitted the room.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 31.)

☞ The girls in a California seminary lately developed a singular fancy for using three one cent stamps, instead of the regular kind, upon their envelopes. The letters were so very plain and matter-of-fact, and the attempt in evading surveillance in the old-fashioned way grew so scarce, that one inspecting teacher investigated this whim. And lo! the cunning creatures had taken to writing tender, emotional little epistles to their lovers, under the stamps.

☞ There is a lady of Sagadahoc county, Maine, who has a head of remarkably fine hair. The average length is seven feet five inches. When unbraided and falling loose, it trails for quite a distance on the floor. She has refused a large offer for the hair, on which she naturally prides herself next to her head.

☞ A French scientist proposes to establish an institution provided with a number of well-trained cows, who will act in the capacity of mothers to human infants who have lost their maternal parents.

The Grave Beneath the Palms.

BY BELLE BREMER.

Many a man would have voted the place "deaced stupid," but to one seeking rest and quiet away from the pulsing, throbbing city, it seemed a little haven of repose. Rafe Armand had been a wanderer on the face of the earth for ten years; having no one to consult but himself, his relatives being dead, he had gone wherever his roving fancy had led him. He had idled in the gay French capital, moralized in the Eternal City, dreamed in Venice, voyaged on the Rhine, and climbed the pyramids of Egypt. He hadn't exactly fought with "beasts at Ephesus," but he had fought the tiger in the jungles of India, and he had paused "on the goat-crags of Tabor" to see "the gleam of thy waters, O dark Galilee."

But he had come back to his native land travel-weary, and was glad when his guiding star settled over "Sleepy Hollow," as he dubbed the drowsy little village. Yes, here he would pitch his tent for the summer, and fish, and imagine himself a boy again, if he could.

It was May when he made this resolution, and now it was the month of roses.

One day he was seated on a moss-grown log trying to beguile the finny tribe into the belief that the nice worm he had thrown into the water was only a worm and nothing more, when he was startled by a fresh young voice, saying—

"I say, it's a downright shame to entice the poor little fishes to their death in that way! Now if I were a siren I should certainly lure you to destruction for your cruelty."

Dropping his pole, utterly oblivious or indifferent to the fact that a fine fish was on the hook, the young man turned to see whence the voice came. A young girl who might have been taken for a vision of Flora herself, so bedecked was she with flowers, was leaning against the bole of a tree regarding him with a look of mock severity. She had a wreath of roses round her hat, and a little basket that swung from her arm was filled with wild flowers and mosses, while from one shoulder trailed a long, green vine in vivid contrast to the white dress she wore.

"I'm afraid you would have found it an easy task, fair lady," Rafe said, bowing gallantly. At the first sound of his voice the girl retreated a step or two.

"Oh, I beg your pardon, she cried, half-frightened, "I thought it was my cousin, Mr. Greyson."

"I am indebted to Mr. Greyson," and Rafe again bowed.

"I think the sun must have blinded me," she added in confusion, at the look of undisguised admiration in the stranger's handsome black eyes.

"What a bewildering little beauty it is," Armand thought, and how tantalizingly familiar. Where on earth had he seen that fair face framed in golden hair? Like a flash it came at last—he was in the vale of Chamouni. They were preparing to make the ascent of Mont Blanc, and his fellow-traveller was showing him a picture of a fair face framed in golden hair, and saying—

"If anything should happen to me, Rafe, send this back to the lady whose address you will find on a package of letters among my traps."

Yes, this was the original of that picture; at least he thought so; he would see.

"I believe I have the honor of addressing Miss Kaulbach," he said.

The lady's eyes grew wide with wonder.

"That is my name," she answered.

"I am Rafe Armand," he returned.

The look of wonder died out of the blue eyes, and a little wave of sadness swept over the fair face. "Then you were—"

"Roy Douglas's friend and fellow-traveller," he said, interrupting her. "I was with him when he died."

Christine Kaulbach held out a hand so white that the blue veins seemed to stain it.

"I cannot meet as a stranger one who was the friend of Roy Douglas," she said, as Armand bowed low over the white hand. "Are you stopping in the village, Mr. Armand?"

"For a time; I am 'recuperating,' as you ladies say," he returned, with a smile; "but do you live in this sleepy hollow of a place, Miss Kaulbach?"

"Don't you like the place, Mr. Armand? Why, I think it delightful; but I am only spending the summer with my aunt at Rose Lawn."

"Will you allow me to call, Miss Kaulbach?"

"Certainly; we shall expect you, Mr. Armand; besides, I want you to tell me all about poor Roy."

Accordingly the next evening found Rafe Armand seated on the piazza at Rose Lawn, telling Christine Kaulbach of the lover who had died while on a tour through the Holy Land, telling her of the royal friendship between himself and that lover, of their happy Bohemian wanderings; and lastly, of his friend's death—how the last word on poor Roy's lips had been "Christine."

"We dug him a grave under two stately palms, Miss Kaulbach, and when I left Syria the scarlet poppies were blooming over him."

It was a mournful story; and when it was ended, nothing disturbed the stillness save the plashing of fountain and the chirp of myriad insects out in the dew-wet grass.

At last Christine spoke. "I am so glad you were with him when he died," she said, looking up with tear-gemmed eyes, "so very glad that he had one friend to go with him to the entrance of the valley of shadows."

Rafe Armand's heart was strangely stirred as he went down the dewy scented walk that June evening, pausing to pluck a water-lily, wet with the spray from the fountain. "It is like her," he thought, the "her" meaning the pansy-eyed girl he had just left, whose cheeks were wet with tears for his friend.

He did not call once, but often at Rose Lawn, and always found a welcome. And so through all the glowing, ardent summer they were together, and what the result? The polished man of the world, who thought his heart invulnerable, now found that little organ transfixed with a thousand arrows from the little winged god. And she? Of course she did not love him, how could she, when her heart was in the grave with Douglas? But it was pleasant to be with him, he was such a thorough gentleman; and then he gave her such wonderful word-pictures of the countries he had visited, and above all, he had been the friend of Roy Douglas. It was a sort of mournful pleasure to hear him talk of Roy, so she said. I think if she had questioned her heart honestly she would have found that the pleasure was in listening to the low music of the wonderful voice, rather than hearing of her dead lover.

And did Rafe Armand despair? Oh, no, not at all. He had the utmost faith in his ultimate success, but he was in no hurry. Let events shape themselves. Besides, it suited his dreamy, poetic nature, this sort of dream-life they were living. But this lotus-eating existence could not go on forever. One evening, when

"The charmed sunset lingered low adown in the red west,"

Rafe found Christine seated on the rocks overlooking the river. The girl still persuaded herself that her heart was sacred to the memory of her lost love. Rafe Armand was a dear friend, nothing more. She did not realize that the dusk eyes were fast crowding out the memory of the merry blue ones asleep under the palms in far-off Syria. Throwing himself at the feet of his lady-love the young man looked up at the face dearer to him than all the world.

"Of what was my fair siren thinking just now," he said; "was she sighing after the cool caves of her ocean home?"

"Oh, no," she laughed, "I was not sighing at all, and as for my thoughts, they are not worth repeating; but here," handing him the book she had been reading, "is something that will be vastly more entertaining and instructive than my silly thoughts. Will you read?"

"I beg pardon, Miss Christine," he returned, with a lazy smile, "but I'm too lazy to read. I believe the soft langnor of your Indian summer has stolen into my veins; I find myself unwilling to do anything more energetic than smoking or dreaming, or perhaps talking if the subject suits me." And stretched on the mossy carpet, his head resting on one shapely hand, he did look the personification of handsome indolence.

"Well, I don't want to encourage idleness, and I object to smoking, so if you will not read, Mr. Armand, you must talk," Christine said, with pretty imperiousness.

"What shall I tell you, Christine?" he asked, toying with the silken tassels of her glove he had picked up from the ground where it had fallen.

"Tell me of Germany, the home of Schiller and Goethe; Germany is my fatherland, Mr. Armand."

"Very well, Miss Christine, we will imagine ourselves in the 'fatherland;' the hills yonder wrapped in purple mists, and the river at our feet will help the illusion." And leaning back against the mossy boulder till his jetty locks almost mingled with the golden ones that rippled down over the girl's shoulders, he painted such a mellow golden picture of Germany, that Christine declared she could hear the ripple of the blue Rhine and see the peasants gathering grapes on the purple-clad hills of Bingen.

"Oh, Mr. Armand!" she cried, when he had ended, "how I envy you your travels; it has been the dream of my life to visit the old world, but," with a sigh, "I suppose it will never be realized."

"And why not, Christine, why not go with me as my wife? I have loved you always, I think. Christine, darling, may I hope that you love me just a little?" he said, holding her little rose-leaf hand to his lips.

The girl's heart gave one mighty throb of pain—or was it joy? Even then she did not know, as she looked with pitying eyes on the dark, eager face so near her own.

"Oh, Mr. Armand, I never dreamed of this; I thought you knew that I had no love to give; that my heart was in that grave you made under the palm-trees. I was Roy Douglas's promised wife."

"And I was his dearest friend. I would not wrong Roy Douglas for worlds; but he is dead, Christine, and it's no wrong to tell you of my love now. Oh! my darling, if you could love me I would serve as Jacob did for Rachel, and wait as many years." And there was a world of passionate feeling in the misty depths of the dark eyes.

The girl's own eyes were misty as she answered him—

"I am sorry, oh, so sorry, but it cannot be; you can only be my dearest friend; you will be that, will you not?" entreatingly.

"Always," he said, almost crushing the hand he held, and laying it in her lap. "But, oh! Christine, if you could have loved me." Then he was silent for a while, looking at the distant hills. At last he picked up the book that had fallen unheeded to the ground; and turning the leaves, he read in a low, musical voice—

"Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
Thy tribute wave deliver,
No more by thee my steps shall be
Forever and forever."

Why is it that we never half appreciate anything until we are about to lose it, or have lost it? As he read, it suddenly occurred to Christine that she could not live away from the man at her side. The love that had been slumbering in her heart all summer, rose up and overpowered her. When the little "Farewell" was ended, Rafe looked up and answered the mute question in her eyes. "Yes, I am going away. I must go away, Christine. We have had a beautiful midsummer dream, but I wanted more than the dream, and got husks; and now nothing remains but to try and find the fabled river of the Ancients, and drink and forget. Forgive me," he added, noticing for the first time, that Christine was weeping, "if I have said anything to wound you; believe me, I did not mean it."

Christine crushed back the tears. "Oh, if she could only tell him the truth," she thought, but shame held her back. What would he think of her? Would he not despise her for being weak and silly, and not knowing her own mind. Alas! she feared so.

At last she rose and prepared to go home.

Rafe picked up the broad-brimmed hat and tied it over the "golden fleece," as he had called the wealth of golden hair on the bright head. How often he had tied the pink ribbons under the pretty chin. Now he should tie them nevermore; and was he much to blame if he did stoop and leave one kiss on the red lips?

"Forgive me, Christine, it was the first, it is the last. Are you offended?" Offended? when her very soul went out to him in that kiss.

A little later, when they were in the parlor, he begged her to play for him.

"What shall it be?" she asked, going to the piano.

"Anything you please," he answered.

"Whatever it is," she thought, "it will be a dirge, a funeral hymn over dead happiness."

Then she sang a tender little song of farewell. There was a suspicious tremble in her voice, but she bore up till she came to the words—

"After sweet still comes the bitter,
And the moments though so fleet,
To the brim were filled with pleasure,
Now they're growing bitter-sweet."

Then there was a crash, the golden head had fallen on the piano, and tears like a rain were deluging the ivory keys. In a moment Rafe was at her side, his hand on the bowed head.

"Is it bitter-sweet, Christine? Are you so sorry for me?"

No answer, but he could feel the slight form quiver as if in agony. A great wave of joy swept over him. Could it be possible that the girl cared for him after all?

"Christine!" he cried, "if you do not speak, I shall go mad with joy. Can it be that you do care for me a little after all?" Still no answer. Lifting the bowed head he sought to read the girl's face. The cheeks were hot with happy blushes; the tear-wet eyes were closed, but the audacious fellow, his vows forgot, kissed them open, and the love-light in them he vowed he would not exchange for all his hopes of happiness. Why, a man might count the "world well lost" to gain such a love as shone from their cerulean depths.

"Christine," he murmured, "little white dove, mine at last!"

Sinking on one knee by the piano, he drew the fair head with its golden fleece to his shoulder.

"Darling, won't you speak to me? Just one word," pressing his swart cheek to the lily-like face on his breast.

"Rafe," only one word, so low and sweet, any one else might have thought it only the sighing of the wind among the flowers, but Rafe Armand heard and was satisfied. I wonder if the blue eyes looking over the battlements of Heaven grew dim at the little impassioned scene.

Ah! Douglas, Douglas, the grass is growing green over thy grave, and a warm, living lover has taken thy place in the heart sworn to be true to thee in time and eternity.

It isn't pleasant to think that we shall so soon be forgotten after we have passed out of sight forever. Nevertheless it is true; but once the grass will be watered by the tears of loved ones—after that the kind dews of Heaven will have to keep it green.

SPIRITUALISM.

MISS FLORENCE COOKE, THE WONDERFUL LONDON MEDIUM.

Spiritualism appears to be going through a critical test now by the scientists of London. The medium through whom the experiments are mostly being made is a young lady of about eighteen years of age—Miss Florence Cooke. She is not a public medium, but the manifestations which take place in her presence are of such a startling character that it has been quite impossible to confine the exhibitions of them to her family and friends only. Many persons of distinction and celebrity have witnessed the same at her own house. In seeing the phenomena, the first condition is tying Miss Cooke firmly in a cabinet, and sealing the knots. There is then a curtain dropped over the door between her and those present, which of course places her in the dark, while those in the room are in the light. In a short space of time there comes from the cabinet a female figure, draped in white, with a white veil falling over the head, but not covering the face. The feet are naked. She walks around the room, speaking to all, says her name is Kate King; allows persons to feel of her dress and shake hands with her, which are as tangible to the touch as any other raw material thing on earth.

The size and form of the figure is much like the medium, Miss Cooke, which fact raised many skeptical doubts in the minds of those who witness the manifestations, thinking it might be Miss Cooke, who had freed herself from the cords and dressed for the play. However, in every instance after Kate had returned to the cabinet, they had raised the curtain and found Miss Cooke in a state of trance or unconsciousness, securely tied and sealed as when they had left her. Here was a case for Professor Crookes and Varley to test the physical question. Miss Cooke very readily yielded herself for them to experiment on the phenomena. I will give their experiences as Professor Crookes gave them to me. He took Miss Cooke first to his own house, that he might be sure of all her surroundings. He then improvised a dark cabinet, with a curtain door. They placed the medium inside and securely tied her. Professor Varley then placed a gold plate on the inside of each wrist, to which were attached insulated wires leading out into the room to a very sensitive electrometer. They tried every motion of her hands and arms, and the placing of her arms together to see the different forces of electricity produced in the different positions. Professor Crookes observed her all the time, while Professor Varley had his eyes on the electrometer. After thoroughly learning the effect produced by each movement of hers, they placed the curtain before her, leaving her in the dark. Soon the figure calling herself Katie made her appearance, the electrometer not showing the least movement. She said, "What do you want me to do with all these wires?" They told her nothing, only to come into the room and make such motions with her hands and arms as her medium had done. Katie at once threw her hands around in a lively manner, which did not affect the currents of electricity in the slightest degree. Then Katie asked Professor Crookes to bring a lighted candle and hold it in her face, and see if she looked like Miss Cooke. He tried it, and found she had fair complexion and light hair, while Miss Cooke is quite dark, with dark hair. Professor Crookes says that, as far as human tests are concerned, nothing could be more conclusive than that there was a genuine phenomenon outside of the conscious aid of the medium. On the disappearance of Katie into the cabinet, they at once raised the curtain and found Miss Cooke in the same condition as when they had shut her in, only in an unconscious state of trance. More than this, Mrs. Cooke says she undressed Miss Cooke after she came out of the cabinet, and there was nothing about her that could by any possibility have furnished the drapery and veil for Kate herself. Mr. Wallace, the great naturalist, is bringing out an article in the Fortnightly Review, recognizing the facts of spiritualism, and stating corroborating proof of its being an unseen intelligence, and is what that intelligence says it is—the spirits of departed friends.

[We give the above as we find it. It is a strange story—*if true*.—ED. SAT. POST.]

A Slighted Class.

You send your boy on an errand, and being in haste, anxiously await his return. Five times out of six he is gone much longer than you think is necessary; accordingly you reprimand him for playing by the way. Yet the boy is not at all to blame, very likely; for it is the lamentable truth that children are systematically slighted by clerks and shopkeepers. When a boy enters a store, "in a hurry" invariably, he finds the clerks all busy with customers, and resigns himself to await his turn; but, just as he is stepping up to make known his errand, a young lady sweeps in. For some reason or other the young clerk does not see the boy, and immediately begins to deal out his civilities to said young lady. If the boy does not make a general stampede, tread on the poodle's tail, knock little children down, step on the lady's train, tearing it half off, he waits until the final "Is there nothing more I can have the pleasure of showing you?" Then the familiar "What do you want, youngster?" sounds on his ear. Perhaps he mopes home, knowing he is too late for supper.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ "He has left a void that cannot be easily filled," as the bank director touchingly remarked of the absconding cashier.

☞ Mrs. Edith Wilson, of Otego, aged eleven years, recently lost her baby, aged seven weeks.

☞ "And so they go," said a member of a Boston school committee: "our great men are fast departing—first Greeley, then Chase, and now Sumner—and I don't feel very well myself."

☞ "How far is it to Cub creek?" asked a traveller of a Dutch woman. "Only shoost a little vays." "Is it four, six, eight or ten miles?" impatiently asked the stranger. "Yas, I dinks it is," serenely replied the unmoved gatekeeper.

☞ "Wife, what has become of the grapes?" "I suppose, my dear, the hens picked them off," was the bland reply. "Hens—hens—some two-legged hens, I guess," said the husband; to which she warmly replied, "My dear, did you ever see any other kind?"

☞ If cremation becomes the established thing, and is adopted, some of the pet phrases of the people will have to be abolished. For instance, those who have said "dead and buried," will hardly wish to say of a friend, "He's been dead and burned these ten years." The statement might be misconstrued.

☞ Danbury asks this startling question: "Can the watermelon be successfully cultivated on sandy soil, in a town of 4,000 inhabitants, and a theological institute located near by, containing one hundred and twenty students studying for the ministry?"

☞ A Georgia clergyman has thirty-two children, and his parishioners object to his having four pews without paying for them.

☞ A Dewitt county teacher has adopted a plan, whereby, when a girl misses a word, the boy who spells it has the right to kiss her. The Clinton Press says: "The result is that the girls are fast forgetting all they ever knew about spelling, while the boys are improving with wonderful rapidity."

☞ The St. Louis Globe speculates concerning the obituary of the future. We append one or two specimens:—

Charles Papker; 3½ lbs.; cremated July 9, 1872.

For wife of above see third pickle bottle on next shelf.

Little Tommy. Burnt up Sept. 16, 1862.

Jane Matilda Perkins, Oct. 3, 1869. Put up by the Alden corpse cremating company. None genuine without signature.

☞ A Nova Scotia paper records the brave act of a twelve-year old boy at Merigonish in that province, who a few days ago, when a little girl fell through the ice, was also thrown in as he attempted to save her. He still clung to her, and pushing her up while still beneath the surface himself, held her till his companions drew her out, and was then himself helped out. His name is Murray, and his act was well worthy of record.

☞ The Department of Agriculture has very favorable information of the condition of the winter wheat crop throughout the country. In the South the crop is luxuriant, and in the Middle States the promise is good, especially in Pennsylvania, where nine-tenths of the counties make favorable returns. Three-fourths of the counties of the Ohio Valley report an average or favorable condition. Missouri and Kansas make even a better report. In California it is estimated that the crop will be forty millions of bushels.

☞ A Western paper says dealers in butter classify it as wool grease, cart grease, soap grease, variegated, tasselated cow grease, boarding-house breakfast, inferior tub, common tub, medium roll, good roll, and gilt-edge roll. The terms are strictly technical.

☞ Peter Van Dyke, an old chap who died in New Hampshire the other day, worth $140 000 in cash, requested in his will that no one "should sniffle and shed crocodile tears at his funeral, but cover him over, and then hurry home to fight over his money."

☞ Avoid minutely examining what other people do, or what will become of them; but look on them with an eye good, simple, sweet, affectionate. Do not require in them more perfection than in yourself; and do not be astonished at the diversity of imperfections; for imperfection is not greater imperfection merely because it is unusual. Behave like the bees—suck the honey from all flowers and herbs.

☞ Punch's notion of nobility is that a man of birth is commonly one whose remote ancestors did something, and his immediate ancestors for many centuries, nothing at all.

☞ "I have millions of money," said a dashing gent to a girl about to run away with him; "but you might as well scrape up all the jewels and spare change you have got."

☞ There is a kind of unexpectedness about absent-minded people which is exceedingly pleasing. We may be permitted to mention here the recent performance of a country clergyman of this state who has a habit of forgetting things during his sermons, and, after seating himself, suddenly rising to utter them, with the preliminary remark: "By the way." He had got half through an eloquent prayer when he hesitated, forgot what he was doing, and bestowed himself upon the clerical sofa without closing. But in a moment his memory returned, he jumped up, and pointing his finger at his rather surprised congregation, solemnly observed, "Oh, by the way—Amen!"

☞ A Georgian negro was riding a mule, and when he came to a bridge the mule stopped. "I'll bet you a quarter," said Sambo, "I'll make you go obar dis bridge," and with that struck the mule over the head, which made him nod suddenly. "You take de bet, den?" said the negro, and contrived to get the stubborn mule over the bridge. "I won dat quarter, anyhow," cried Sambo. "But how will you get the money?" asked a man who had been close by, unperceived. "To-morrow," replied Sambo, "massa gib me a dollar to get corn for de mule, and I take de quarter out."

☞ When the first vessel came home from the West Indies to Aberdeen, there was a great banquet in the Town Hall. The Provost, honest man, was greatly annoyed by a mischievous ape that had been brought over—he had never seen a monkey before—who pulled his periwig and stuck his thumb inglorionsly at his nose. The captain, seeing that something was troubling his lordship, asked what was wrong. "Oo, it's that fallow there wi' the sair een, that's aye ruggin' at my hair." "That, Provost, is a monkey; pray what did you think he was?" "A monkey! Bless my soul, I thocht it was some sugar-planter's son frae the West Indies!"

☞ The following is the address on a letter received at the Providence post-office, Luzerne county:—

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in Providence spoain he's thare, Pa.
and also beside he ern't thare then send it
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A Sale of Diamonds in Paris.

The sale of the magnificent diamonds belonging to Mlle. Duverger, the actress, drew together an immense crowd at the Hotel Drouot, in Paris, recently. The jam was perfectly terrific, and as usual, the greater number of the persons present had no intention of buying, but were brought thither by mere curiosity. The magnificent necklace, which contained twenty-seven large diamonds of the purest water, was the first article sold. It was not disposed of in one lot, but was divided into fourteen, which produced the sum of 150,000 francs. The earrings, which were composed of two superb solitaires, with pendants, each formed of a simple pear-shaped diamond, were sold for 75 000 francs, while a single large rectangular diamond brought 50,000 francs. The total for the first day was 299,000 francs. On the second day, among the more remarkable "lots" disposed of were: A ring of five fine brilliants, 44 000 francs; one of five rubies, 8 000 francs; a bracelet of diamonds, with eleven sapphires, 13 000 francs; one of brilliants, with five emeralds, 15,000 francs; a pair of shoulder ornaments, composed of pearls and diamonds, 20 050 francs; three circular ornaments, with large central diamond, 30,000 francs; a Sevigne in diamonds, with large sapphire, 54 000 francs; the silver and silver gilt plate, in forty-eight lots, 28 000 francs. The second day produced 208 550 francs, and the total of the two 507,550 francs. The oddest part of the sale was the disposal of the morocco and the velvet cases which had once contained those sparkling treasures, and which, in several instances, were stamped with the coat-of-arms of the noble or royal donor.

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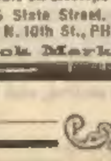

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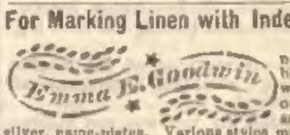

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UNDER FALSE COLORS.

It was a very warm August. The hot afternoon sun poured in through the open windows of the Thellusson Club; it rested lingeringly upon the gay fittings of crimson and gold, the richly decorated walls, and marble statues; while the large pier-glass reflected thousands of miniature rays as the bright sunlight shone into the room.

In a luxurious arm-chair, drawn up to one of the open windows with a view to inhaling what few cool draughts of air might find their way in, lounged a young man in the undress uniform of a crack cavalry regiment, fast asleep. It was a handsome, proud, patrician face—just such a face as a sculptor would choose for a model of the world-famed son of Cinyras. The warm wind gently stirred the rich chestnut curls which shadowed a square white brow. The perfect mouth was only half concealed by the soft, brown mustache, while long, black lashes fringed the closed eyes and rested against the cheeks, which had been browned by exposure to the hot summer sun.

Two peculiarities about Erne Damar always struck strangers most forcibly—his great strength of frame and beauty of face; and, looking at him as he lay sleeping that hot August afternoon, no one would wonder that the strong, handsome young officer was so general a favorite.

After some time the door opened, and the quiet of the room was broken by a merry, ringing laugh.

"Why, Damar, old fellow, what a lazy young giant you are! I think our fellows were quite right to give you the pseudonym of 'Sleeping Beauty.' What do you say?"

The beauty sat up and rubbed his eyes.

"Jack," said he, "what was I to do? Everything is so dreadfully slow—a fellow has nothing to do but smoke and sleep."

"Why not have spent the afternoon in the Row by the side of the Walworthe girl?" asked Jack Delaval.

"I am tired of the Walworthe set," replied Damar. "The father is political, and I hate politics; and Marie and the old lady only care for fortunes; and as I have just lost mine, I am no longer eligible, and valued pro rata. It is almost worth while to lose one's money to see the estimate one's friends mark one's worth at."

"Has all your money gone, Damar?" asked Jack, seating himself upon a table opposite his friend.

"No, not all," he replied. "I have enough to pay my subscription to the Thellusson, keep my hunter, and pay for my clothes at Poole's. That is quite enough to satisfy my requirements, but not to marry on; and now, thanks to the smash of the Great Crumbleton Bank, perhaps the women will be kind enough to leave me alone."

"Very gracious, I must say!" laughed Lieutenant Delaval. "Who would have thought I should live to hear the pet of the regiment, and the idol of all the beauties of the season, utter such a sentiment? They have spoiled you, Beauty. I had better take you away with me, I think."

"Are you going away, Jack?" he asked.

"Glad to say 'Yes' to that, my boy," replied Delaval. "I got my leave just now from the authorities; and to-morrow I am off for a month of quiet country enjoyment in the bosom of my family."

"And you are mean enough to cut and run just when your dearest friend has had a 'reverse of fortune,' as the novels say? Jack, I did not think it of you."

"Well, but, Erne, look here, old fellow—I want you to go and ask leave too, and come down with me. We can try our hands on the grouse on the twelfth. It will be awfully jolly if you will come."

"Do you mean it, Jack?"

"Indeed I do," he replied; "I never was more in earnest in my life. And I will give you another good tip, Damar. As you were grumbling last night about your poverty, and concluded that you would go in for an heiress, I can introduce you to a stunner."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Damar. "Who might she be, Jack?"

"She might be the Queen of the Caribbees—but she is not. She is the neatest and prettiest maiden under the sun, and has just come into some fine property, valued at about sixty thousand pounds."

"That's the style, Delaval—quite in my line. But let me ask you one thing, my friend—why have you not secured this valuable freehold property and most desirable young female for yourself?" asked the Beauty, yawning.

"Because I am far too good a son to go against the prejudices of my family," he replied. "The young lady is my own cousin, and my mother is an old-fashioned dowager who retains desperately strong old-fashioned ideas; and the very thought of my marrying my cousin would be quite a sufficient reason with her for placing me in that exclusive but not very desirable home for the unruly, Colney Hatch."

"But what have the sixty thousand and Miss Delaval to do with Canons Ashby and grouse?"

"Everything, mon capitaine. The heiress is staying now with my mother; and, if you will say you will join me, I will write and let them know at once. What say you? Will you come, Damar?"

"'Write it down a oui, my lord—write it down a oui,' to make a pun out of the immortal Weller. I think I must accompany you, and look up the heiress, Jack. It will be a good lesson for that flirting young lady, Miss Walworths, to find out that I am not so deeply hit that I cannot tear myself away from her."

"Capital!" said Delaval; "there is spirit enough in 'Damar of Ours' to throw off a woman's yoke. Well, I will go and write to Canons Ashby now, and see you again later on to fix all about the trains."

The following evening the two men stood on the platform of Barrington Station, watching the porters getting out their luggage.

"I do not see anything of old Hughes and the 'trap,'" remarked Lieutenant Delaval to his friend.

"Beg pardon, sir, but was you looking out for a trap?" asked a porter.

"Yes, we were. Has it come, do you happen to know?" returned Delaval.

"Yes, sir; there's a trap and pair waiting through the gate. They are the Canons Ashby horses, I know, maybe they are what you expect?"

"All right, my man—thank you. Send us our luggage on as soon as possible, please," said Lieutenant Delaval, turning away.

"Why, Jack, what a time you are in coming out! I could not wait any longer, and so came to hunt you up."

Captain Damar turned round at the voice; he was just in time to see his friend stoop and kiss the cheek of a very beautiful girl with fair golden hair and a bright, happy, winning expression shining out of a pair of mischievous blue eyes.

"Damar," said Lieutenant Delaval, turning to his friend, "this is our small Cora. I hope you will soon be good friends."

The young lady smiled, and held out her hand, and Captain Damar thought that, if Miss Walworthe had looked so sweet and mignonne, he might have found leaving London a much harder matter than he did.

"Miss Delaval declined to come with me, Jack. She says it is too hot, and that the ponies kick up too much dust; so I drove Box and Cox myself—and I am not so dusty after all, am I, Jack?"

"Not a bit of it, Corie; and 'Miss Delaval,' as you call her, has missed the first sight of the pride and pet of the regiment—Damar of Ours, as we call him, or the Sleeping Beauty of the —th Hussars."

"You must not mind Jack, Miss Delaval," said Captain Damar; "he is very fond of any kind of chaff."

The three young people were soon settled cosily behind Box and Cox, and rattling over the hard smooth stones with which the little town of Barrington was paved. Captain Damar sat next to Miss Delaval, and undertook the management of the little high-spirited ponies, while that young lady pointed out the different objects of interest as they passed them on the road, and altogether made the drive a very agreeable one to the captain.

"Erne, do you see that large house amongst the trees over there?" Lieutenant Delaval asked his friend, as they left the town behind them.

"What about it?" said Damar.

"Why, a propos of your idea last evening of going in for an heiress, there is upward of ten thousand a year being spent there by old Michael Raynes," replied Delaval. "That is another tip, old fellow; he is the Rothschild of the county, and only one daughter to inherit it all."

"I will make a mem. about it, Jack, and perhaps we will give the fair lady a call," replied his friend.

While this conversation went on, an expression of astonishment and perplexity sat upon the mobile features of Miss Delaval.

"Jack," she said, at last, "you do not mean to tell me that your friend is one of those miserable men who think of money in connection with a wife?"

"It is useless to think of a wife apart from money, I assure you, Miss Delaval," Captain Damar hastened to observe; "they are very expensive additions to housekeeping, and Jack and I were having a little quiet chat last night about ways and means connected with the future lot of an unfortunate officer in her majesty's army who has just lost nearly all his little fortune and has nothing but poverty to contemplate. That is how the conversation arose, Miss Delaval; and I must say I do not consider it quite fair of Jack to repeat it."

"Well, Erne, I thought it kind to tell Cora, because she might give Miss Raynes a hint to keep out of your way, you know," remarked Jack, with perfect nonchalance.

"I say, old fellow, you had better stop, or I shall be under the painful necessity of quietly pitching you out," said Captain Damar, while an angry light shone for a moment in his deep-blue eyes.

"We are at home at last! Damar, don't be so savage," said Jack, as they turned into a long drive with handsome elms almost meeting above their heads.

They stopped before a large old-fashioned house, almost hidden behind an abundance of ivy and roses which seemed to have contended for the possession of the whole of the front of the building, so closely did they cluster and twine round each other in luxuriant growth. At the top of a flight of low broad steps stood a lady in mourning, her face sufficiently resembling Lieutenant Delaval's to mark the relationship at a glance.

"I am very glad to see you, Captain Damar," she said, clasping the young man's hand, "and very pleased to welcome you to Canons Ashby."

It was warmly and kindly said; and it was not long before Erne Damar recognized in Mrs. Delaval one of those rather rare specimens of middle-aged ladies in whom there exists a strong feeling of sympathy with the thoughts and actions of young people. Some there are in the world who might never have been anything but prosaic and old all their lives, so disagreeably matter-of-fact are they in all things, and so totally devoid of all the brightness and freshness which glorifies the morning of life.

Captain Damar was not introduced to Miss Delaval until dinner was announced, so that he had not very much time in which to make his observations before proceeding to the dining-room. He had time to study her during the repast, and came to the conclusion that she was very dignified and handsome, and that her large dark eyes and raven hair gave her a sort of "heiress-like cut which you can detect at once, Jack," as the gallant captain expressed himself to his friend an hour afterward over their cigars.

"Yes, Cora always looks rather dignified to me," replied his friend.

"Is she called 'Cora' as well as your sister?"

"Yes; it is an old family name, you see. My mother is 'Cora' too; there are three of them, and all Delavals. One was apt to get rather confused between them, only we could always distinguish them as the old one, the black one, and the light one."

"Really, Jack; well, I don't know which is the most complimentary and flattering," said the "light one" behind them; she had crossed the lawn and stood behind them in time to hear Jack's concluding words. "Now we want your company indoors," she continued; "there are some grand plans for to-morrow to be discussed—so come along," and, putting her arm through Jack Delaval's, she led him toward the house.

"You must excuse my sending for you," said Mrs. Delaval, "but the girls are anxious to fix an excursion they have thought of for some time for to-morrow. I must tell you, Captain Damar, that there is a lovely little country seat for sale in the neighborhood; and my niece has taken such a fancy to it that she thinks of buying it just as it stands. Its late owner was a merchant prince from Liverpool or Manchester—one of those dreadful places we would rather hear about than go to—and he became a bankrupt all at once, and left in a hurry. I see the place is for sale, and we thought of driving over to look at it—what do you say?"

"And I will tell you what, mamma—we might come home round by the Oak Farm, and get our tea in Mrs. Marsh's beautiful arbor, and then drive home by moonlight," said Cora; and Captain Damar thought that the speaker's blue eyes looked remarkably lovely as she raised them to Mrs. Delaval's face.

"Are you thinking of settling, Miss Delaval?' he asked, turning toward her.

"Not exactly, Captain Damar," she replied; "I am only anxious to have Strathmere for my own because it is the loveliest place I ever saw, and I should like to have it. You know I am not bound to live there at present—I can let it. Or we might all go and live there; aunt, what do you think?"

Mrs. Delaval smiled, while Jack, who was standing by "small Cora" as he called her, stroked her golden hair, and, bursting into a loud laugh, said, "Cool, by Jove!"

BITTER.

Discontented Cabby (to ladies, who, wishing to get rid of their small change, have tendered him one fifty-cent note, one twenty-five, two ten-cent ones, and five cents in coin—the sum total amounting to his proper fare).—"Well! 'ow long might yer both a' been a savin' up for this little treat?"

"Do not be foolish, Jack," she said; "it would be very nice to live at Strathmere, and it is very kind of Cora to ask us."

"All right, blue eyes," said Jack; "I was only thinking it was rather cool of Cora to ask us to shut up this place, forgetting that she might marry, and then we should be roofless. Now come, and you shall sing for me," and putting his arm round her, Jack walked with the "small Cora" to the piano, while Captain Damar looked on with eyes which evidently envied his friend his brother's privilege.

The night was far advanced when the last song was sung; for Cora Delaval had a magnificent voice, and one song after another delighted and charmed her small audience, while Erne Damar listened and turned over the the pages of music with a sense of the profoundest admiration for the bright and beautiful singer, in his heart.

"But it won't do," he said to himself as he got into bed that night. "It is no use to let that pretty little golden-haired girl run off with my heart. I must do as the rest of the fellows in our regiment do—either keep my heart to myself or give it to some one who can combine the useful with the sentimental."

* * * * *

Jack Delaval undertook to drive the party to Strathmere. The day was warm and close, and the afternoon sun was very hot as they bowled along in the waggonette between the thick dusty hedges and underneath the tall shady trees.

Erne Damar sat next to Miss Delaval, and, in accordance with his resolution of the night before, he chatted to her and endeavored to make himself as agreeable as her dignified reserve and his own natural indolence would permit. It was a pleasant drive, and Erne enjoyed it; for, in spite of the heat and the dust, he had a bright and beautiful picture before him; and Cora Delaval's face in its setting of gold, with the pure earnest depths of her soft, blue eyes, more than once brought to his memory the expression of one of Murillo's Madonnas.

"This is Strathmere," she said, as Jack stopped before a pretty little gothic lodge overrun with japonica and virginia creeper—"this is Strathmere! Jack, suppose we get out and walk up the avenue, and then we—and especially Cora—can see to greater advantage the external beauties of the place."

It was without doubt a lovely spot. The grounds were small but very beautifully laid out; miniature woods were watered by picturesque streams, green and mossy dells were shadowed and sheltered by luxuriant trees of every kind and description, while terraces and parterres of many-tinted and brilliant flowers surrounded the house with their brightness and beauty.

Miss Delaval was much pleased with the costly elegance of the interior of Strathmere. The drawing-rooms, with their delicate hangings of pale green, splendid glasses, and graceful portières, resembled some miniature palace or fairy scene; and Miss Delaval forgot her dignity as she wandered from one room to the other approving and admiring.

"Oh, Jack, I like these the best," said his cousin, as they came to some rare buhl cabinets filled with articles of vertu and valuable bric-à-brac.

"So I imagine. You always did prefer the ornamental to the useful. Perhaps, if you are very civil, Cora will present you with one of those old cracked tea-cups," he said, as he pulled the corners of his mustache and laughed at her.

Captain Damar, standing by, saw a look of suppressed fun shine out of Miss Delaval's blue eyes as she looked at Jack, and he thought it the sweetest and most expressive young face he had seen since the green grass had covered the fair loving sister who had been the idol of his heart and the pride of his life in the days that were gone.

They were a long time in going over Strathmere—there was much to talk about and plenty to see—and it was late when they finally settled down to the hospitable and sumptuous meal which the farmer's wife at the Oak Farm speedily prepared, and the round, full moon was high in the sky when they at last thought of turning homeward.

"I have had such a happy day," said Cora Delaval, as Erne Damar helped her out of the waggonette.

"You look as bright and contented as if all the days were alike happy to you," said Erne. "You seem to me especially formed for a life of sunshine and flowers."

"Who knows?" she answered, with a little silvery laugh. "I may find myself envying my cousin yet. A life of hard work and battling with the world may lie before me instead of the flowers and sunshine."

"I fervently trust not, Miss Delaval," replied Erne. "After all," he said, smiling, "wealth is not happiness; and I think the latter is the more preferable of the two. Do you not agree with me?"

They were in the hall by this time, standing with the full light of the lamp upon the sweet face of Cora, out of whose blue eyes there shot a glance of mischief as she answered him.

"I? Oh, Captain Damar, of course I think so; but you? You surely will never desert your own doctrine of wealth first—will you?"

"I'll never forgive Jack Delaval," he replied, flushing at her words, as she ran lightly up-stairs; "I should not care a fig for anybody else's banter, but not from you—not from you," he muttered, as he threw himself into a chair.

Already Erne Damar found that his thoughts dwelt constantly upon the fair face, in its setting of waving gold, which had met his view first at Barrington Station.

The days passed on; bright, happy days they were, flooded with golden sunshine and the happiness of "Love's young dream." It was strange to notice how completely Captain Damar succumbed to his admiration of Cora Delaval, and how constantly the gigantic form of the handsome soldier was to be seen by the side of the small girlish figure which seemed to have entirely taken possession of the Beauty of the —th Hussars.

"It is no use my staying here any longer, Jack," he observed one night to his friend, while they were smoking in the avenue—"not a bit of use. I am getting more harm than good, and I have decided to go to-morrow."

"What do you mean, Beauty?" asked Jack.

"This," said he—"that I love your sister Cora more than I ever thought I could love any one, and, as I am not in a position to marry yet, I had better cut and run before I find myself telling her so."

"Then you will not secure our heiress, though I have given you a splendid chance?" said Delaval. "Won't Strathmere tempt you, old fellow?"

"No, Jack," answered Erne, giving himself a shake; "nothing would tempt me. I am a very loyal subject, and very devoted to the Queen; but all the wealth of Windsor Castle would have no effect upon the Captain of the —th, who too thoroughly loves Cora Delaval to weigh her against rank and station."

"Bravo, Beauty!" exclaimed Jack. "You are vastly improved in sentiment since you came to Canons Ashby. We will discuss your flight in the morning. You must not imagine we will let you go off so easily as you think. Now good-night, my boy; I mean to turn in," said Jack, striding toward the house.

Erne Damar did not feel inclined to follow his friend's example, though it was late, and the house had long been still and quiet; so he lighted a fresh cigar, and walked backward and forward in the shrubbery, with no sound near him except the occasional snapping of a dry twig beneath his foot, or the sudden flight of some disturbed bird.

Suddenly the stillness of the night was broken by harsh and loud shouts and calls, and Erne left the cover of the trees, and stood on some high ground to try to ascertain the cause of the evident disturbance. It was very apparent; a red lurid light seemed to cover one part of the sky with its reflection. Erne knew that somewhere there was fire, and he rushed into the house.

"Jack!" he called, knocking at his friend's bedroom door, "get up. There's a fire at a farm in the Barrington Road!"

Without waiting for his friend, Erne Damar tore out of the house and made for the scene of distress and danger, easily guided by the light, which seemed to have shot up brighter and higher.

He lost no time in reaching the farm, where sad confusion and uproar reigned. The bright light proceeded from the haystacks, which were too far gone to be extinguished, and which were left to blaze as they might, while all the hands which had mustered to help were busily occupied in saving the lives of the inhabitants of the farmhouse itself, which was burning furiously.

Captain Damar pushed into a group of men. "Is every one out of the house?" he asked, as he took off his coat and folded it round a woman who was only half clad.

"All excepting one, sir, and he's a cripple boy as is sleeping in that corner room which the fire has just caught, and no one can get at him," hastily replied a man.

"Coward! you never tried," said Erne. "Give me a hand with this ladder—so! Steady, my men—put it underneath that window. Next give me a rope; I want to put it round me—that will do. Now hold that ladder firmly."

The young soldier swiftly passed up the rungs to the window, which was fast becoming enwreathed with smoke and tongues of fire. It did not take many minutes for him to force the window and step inside into the suffocating, dense vapor which filled the room.

"Now, my boy, where are you?" he asked, but there was no reply. He was not long however in finding the bed upon which the poor little cripple lay, perfectly insensible, and half suffocated with the poisonous air. Taking the child in his arms, he placed him over his shoulders, and secured him firmly with the rope. Meanwhile the flames burst out all round him, fearfully scorching his face and hands.

It was with great difficulty that Erne found the window again and reached the ladder, for the thick smoke had almost deprived him of his senses. As he stepped out upon the ladder with his light burden, a loud cheer from below rent the air; and as the voices ceased he heard from the room he had just left the sound of the falling floor echo amidst the noise and din, and he knew that he had not been a minute too soon in leaving the burning house.

"Give him to me—I will carry him to his mother."

"Oh, Captain Damar, how noble of you!" said a voice, as he stepped on to the ground.

"Cora—Miss Delaval! What are you doing here?" he asked.

"My cousin and I came with Jack," she replied. "We heard you call him, and we could not rest, knowing that there was so shocking a thing as fire about."

Farmer Dale and his wife were soon found, and the poor mother's frantic grief for little Johnny was speedily changed into thankfulness at his recovery. Jack was busy helping to carry away what things they had managed to save, and Erne Damar was everywhere. It was owing to his energy and example that the whole of the outhouses were saved; and Cora and her cousin were busy with the rest, passing forward the buckets of water as the men pumped. It was while Cora was busy doing this that a piece of wood fell against her outstretched arm and knocked her down. In a moment Erne was at her side, and helped her up.

"Are you hurt?" he asked, hurriedly.

"Not much," she replied; "only my arm a little. Do not stay with me; they may want you."

"There is nothing more for me to do," he said; "I have done all that I could, and the fire is steadily dying down. I will take you home, Miss Delaval. Is your arm very painful?"

Erne lightly took hold of it as it hung down at her side, and Cora moaned slightly.

"Do not touch it, please," she said; "I think it must be broken."

"Broken, my darling—my little patient Cora!" he said, putting an arm round her, and leading her away. "I will take you home, and then go to Barrington for a doctor for you."

"No, Captain Damar, you must not," she replied; "you require rest yourself. You are dreadfully singed and scorched; I saw it by the firelight."

"Do you think that I could rest, knowing that you were in pain, Cora? Do you know that I have not experienced rest since I came to Canons Ashby, and first saw and then loved you? I am only a poor man, little one," he said, stopping for a moment to look into her face as she turned it from him; "but, if you will promise to wait for me and love me, I will sell out and get some of my friends to find me something to do under Government. Will you wait, Cora?"

"Yes," she whispered—"as long as you wish."

Mrs. Delaval met them at the door, and Captain Damar delivered his charge into her hands, while he set off for the doctor.

During his walk to Barrington, Erne's thoughts were bright and happy ones, and in spite of his burns and bruises he walked proudly and joyously in the soft light of the early morning.

Upon examination it was found that Cora's arm was not broken, only badly sprained, and promising very shortly to be all right again. When he retired to his room for an hour or two of rest, Erne's footsteps were arrested by the sight that he met in the looking-glass.

"Well, of all the black, dingy-looking fellows conceivable to make an offer to a sweet girl, I back myself! I wonder I did not frighten her. It is settled now, and I am glad of it, and I know I shall never regret it."

When Captain Damar entered the breakfast room the next morning, he found Mrs. Delaval, her daughter, Jack, and his cousin all duly assembled. Jack received his friend with a broad grin, while Cora looked prettily confused as she held out her hand to Erne, and answered his inquiries about her rest. After some little time Captain Damar noticed Lieutenant Delaval's vain attempts at gravity.

"Is anything up this morning, Jack?" he asked.

Jack grinned broader then ever.

"You are a nice fellow to bring down into the country!" observed Jack. "I actually take the trouble to bring you here on purpose for you to make a good match and marry my cousin, when you go, like a gigantic idiot, and fall in love with a penniless girl, who has nothing but a nice face to give you in return! Mother, are you going to give Cora to Damar? Say you won't, for he is miserably poor, and will have to sell his commission to furnish his house with; and we cannot afford to spare the Beauty of the regiment to a dowerless girl like Corie; and I, for one, set my face against the arrangement."

"Captain Damar," said Mrs. Delaval, turning to Erne, "I hope that you will be generous enough to forgive our deception. It was commenced at first at Jack's instigation, and kept up, I believe, to please my niece. I hope that you will not be very dreadfully disappointed at having to marry an heiress after all, and, in all probability settle at Strathmere."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Delaval?" asked Erne, looking from one to another, strangely perplexed.

"I mean this, Captain Damar," she replied—"we have wilfully confused you in respect of the two Coras; and it is my niece, and not my daughter whom you love."

"It was all my fault," said her niece, laying her hand in Erne's; "I have always had such a horrible dread of any one wishing to marry me for the sake of my fortune, that when Jack wrote and said he was going to bring you here, and that you were looking out for an heiress, and what a splendid joke it would be for Cora—who looks more dignified and heiress-like than I do—to pretend to be me and for me to take her place, I jumped at the idea at once, and we have kept it up grandly ever since."

"Then you are not Jack's sister?" asked Erne.

"No, I am his cousin," she replied.

"The very jolliest 'sell' you ever had, old boy!" said Jack.

"Well," replied Erne, "I said I should never forgive you Jack; and I do not think I ever shall. If Cora is only your cousin, and not your sister, I must say I think you were a vast deal too affectionate; and I should have knocked you down many a time had I only known. And you, darling," he added, turning to Cora—"what have you to say for deceiving me?"

"Only this," she whispered, hiding her face on his breast—"that I am sure that you love me for myself alone, and that as long as I live I can never regret having won my husband 'under false colors.'"

☞ What loses its flavor when we borrow it? Wit.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

We cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript. Send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

AMATEUR ARTIST, (Philada.,) writes: "Please let me know in your columns how artists mix their oil colors." The process, we believe, is tedious, and a description would not interest many of our readers. Had you not better apply in person to some artist, or obtain a treatise on the subject? One celebrated artist said that he mixed his with brains. Whereupon the inquirer innocently asked, "Where do you get the brains?"

"GAUMEW," (Fort Totten, D. T.,) writes: "I had an argument the other day about money, and hence the following question: Did any of the United States ever have a currency of their own? Nelson maintains that certain States had a 'circulating medium,' but which was only used in said States. Is this so?" Your opponent is in the main right. From 1778 to 1787 the power of coinage was exercised not only by the confederation in Congress, but also by several of the individual States. In Vermont a mint was established by legislative authority in 1785 in the town of Rupert, and copper cents were issued of the following description: Obverse, a sun rising from behind hills, and plough in the foreground, with legend and date. Reverse, a radiated eye, surrounded by 13 stars, with legend. Connecticut followed the example of Vermont in the same year. New Jersey authorized a copper coinage in 1786. Massachusetts in 1786 directed the establishment of a mint. The circulation of these coins was in a great degree local.

L. C., (Bowdoin Centre, Me.) writes: "1st. Will you please inform me if there are any other works on birds besides Audubon's and Wilson's? 2d. Can you tell me the price of these?" 1st. There are many works on ornithology, but none so complete as Audubon's and Wilson's, we believe. 2d. The magnificent work by Audubon is very costly. We do not know the price of Wilson's. By writing to some prominent bookseller in New York or Philadelphia you would probably receive information of less costly books on this interesting subject, which might be very satisfactory, though lacking the rich embellishments that belong to the great works you have named.

J. R. T., (Brazil, Tenn.,) asks: "1st. To what does 'Invita Minerva' refer, sometimes met with in reading? I know the literal meaning, but would like to see it explained. 2d. Is there not a law to punish men for selling counterfeit money; i. e., selling as a merchant would goods, by advertising? 3d. From what State was Jos. Lane? Was he Vice-President, and with whom? 4th. When was Oregon admitted into the Union? 5th. Is not ecstasy sometimes spelled with the last syllable ending in cy, by the best writers of the day? I think I have seen it so spelled. 6th. Why is Texas called the 'Lone Star.'" 1st. Invita Minerva means without sufficient ability; against the grain. Thus Charles Kean acted comedy invita Minerva, his forte lying another way. Sir Philip Sydney attempted the Horatian metres in English verse invita Minerva, against the grain or genius of the language. 2d. The laws enacted for the prevention and punishment of the crime of counterfeiting are very severe, and any violation of them, no matter in what indirect or cunning way performed, subjects the offender to heavy penalties. Any person selling or attempting to sell counterfeit money in the way you name, would expose himself to arrest and fine and imprisonment. Many an advertiser offers to sell, however, merely to cheat and deceive. 3d. We do not know where he was born, but he became a citizen of Oregon. He was a candidate for the Vice-Presidency in 1860, on the Breckenridge ticket. 4th. February 14th, 1859. 5th. Ecstasy is the authorized spelling of the word. We have sometimes seen it spelled as you have given it. 6th. Because, when she threw off the Mexican rule, the flag adopted by the State bore the device of a single star—the young State was alone among nations.

SANTEE, (Burton, Va.,) writes: "Will you give me a brief description of the method of manufacturing gun-cotton; also inform me how great its explosive power is? Why is it not more used?" The process by which gun-cotton is formed is essentially as follows: Perfectly clean cotton is soaked for about five minutes in a mixture composed of one part concentrated nitric acid, with two parts concentrated sulphuric acid. It is then removed, carefully washed with water from every trace of acid, and dried by exposure to the air. As thus prepared, it retains the appearance of cotton, but inflames instantaneously when touched with a hot wire or lighted match, and when struck upon an anvil, explodes with great violence. When used in fire-arms it acts like gunpowder, but its explosive force is at least four times as great as that of powder, and it does not moreover foul the gun to the same extent as does the latter substance. Its liability to burst the weapon and to accidental explosions has caused its rejection for practical purposes. In experimenting with it, too great caution cannot be exercised. By subjecting starch and sugar to treatment with nitric acid, other explosive substances analogous to gun-cotton may be formed.

INQUIRER, (Pleasant Valley,) George Peabody, the eminent banker and a man of large benevolence, was a native of this country, though he accumulated much of his fortune in England. His munificence was divided between both countries.

A. N. D., (Hamilton, N. Y.,) writes: "I wish to know from you the address of some establishment of which I can obtain cheek plumpers, as my cheeks are getting very hollow and thin?" Even if we knew the address of any dealer in such articles we would decline to give it, as we have a decided prejudice against "fixing up" of that kind. It is pitiable. Good looks are desirable, but good sense more so. When cheeks begin to get hollow and thin, the remedy is either to improve the health and gain flesh, or to submit with as cheerful a grace as possible to the unavoidable. We have known old persons to wear "plumpers," and always felt the most commiserating contempt for them; for the young to strive to improve their personal appearance in such a way is almost equally bad.

DORAY, (Burlington, N. J.,) asks: "Will you have the goodness to inform me when pins were first used, and what people did before?" Pins as an article of commerce are first mentioned in the statutes A. D. 1543. These makers' brass wire were brought from France in 1483, and were first used in England, it is said, by Catherine Howard, queen of Henry VIII. Before the invention of pins, both sexes used ribbons, loop-holes, laces with points and tags, clasps, hooks and eyes, and skewers of silver, brass and gold.

R. B. W., (Dover,) writes: "1st. I saw in your answers to correspondents that 'Mark Jarrett's Daisy' is not in print, and as we are very anxious to read it, I write to request that you publish it in the Post this year. The little I read was so interesting I am sure it will bear republishing. I think none would object. 2d. Can you tell me where the lines 'Oh! Constancy thou art a jewel,' and 'The gallant gay Lotharin' come from?" 1st. It is only two years since "Mark Jarrett's Daisy" was published in the Post, and few of our subscribers would thank us to give it again so soon. 2d. The first quotation is often attributed to Shakspeare. We cannot just now say whether correctly or not. The character of gay Lothario is from "The Fair Penitent," by Rowe.

STELLA, (Racine, Wis.,) wishes to know what element of character a projecting chin indicates. We have not sufficient faith in physiognomy to speak oracularly on the subject, but the following in relation to the chin may be of interest to Stella and others of our readers:—"A retreating chin is said to denote weakness; a projecting one, harsh strength; a pointed chin means acuteness; a soft, fat, double chin, a love of good things; and an angular chin judgment and firmness; a flat chin denotes coldness; a round, dimpled one, goodness; a small chin, fear; sharp indentings, a cool understanding."

M. C., (Hecker, Ills.,) asks: "1st. Who is the author of Ethography? 2d. Is there any other work on it besides the one published by Evans & Co.? 3d. Is there a Reporters' Agency in New York? and, if so, what is their address?" 1st. Do you not mean Eidography?—the art of copying drawings on the same or a different scale. The eidograph is an instrument for this purpose, but we do not know who was its inventor. 2d. We know of no work on the subject. 3d. We know of none.

FLEMING W. TOMPKINS, (formerly of Spottsylvania Co., Va., now of Altoona, Iowa,) writes: "Being a constant reader of your valuable paper, I will take the liberty to rectify a mistake I noticed in the correspondents' column. Some one in West Virginia asked if General T. J. Jackson was killed by the enemy, or whether he was killed by his own men. You answered that you thought that he was killed by the enemy, in which you are certainly mistaken. He (Jackson) was wounded in the Battle of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania County, Va., in the left arm, just above the elbow, and he would not suffer it to be amputated for a week; consequently it was then too late, and putrefaction had taken place. He died soon afterward at the residence of Mr. Peter Catlett, in Caroline County, Virginia, in May, 1863. The general was wounded by the Sixth Virginia Infantry during the month of May, 1862."

We believe there has been considerable dispute as to the manner in which the famous Stonewall Jackson met his death. The foregoing may be a true version of the facts; or the matter may be one the circumstances of which can never be with absolute certainty determined.

A. S., (Pine Ridge,) asks: "What is the name of the islands in James's Bay? 2d. When does the 'dark' of the moon begin? At the full or not?" 1st. You refer, we presume, to James's Bay, a wide gulf on the south side of Hudson's Bay. Agomisca and Charlton are the principal of its numerous islands. 2d. We do not know what you mean by the "dark" of the moon.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]